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For Mitchell Chapman's
People
about
Monthly
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

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Your Relations with *The Rexall Stores*

I need not tell you that the 8000 Rexall Stores are the leading drug stores in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and the Philippines. But do you know the history of this great organization? Do you understand *how* and *why* the Rexall Druggist in *your* town is able to give you the lowest prices, best merchandise, and the most efficient service? It is a wonderful story. Just the mere facts quickly stated are amazing:

In 1903, forty druggists formed the United Drug Company:—

They began to manufacture and sell merchandise on the co-operative plan.

They confined their distribution to one member in each city or town.

They named their stores The Rexall Stores.

Today there are 8000 Rexall Stores.

The Rexall Druggists constitute an international organization — the largest of its kind in the world.

With factories, laboratories, warehouses, and purchasing depots throughout the world, they have transformed the retail drug business.

They offer you *standardized goods* and *standardized service*.

Best of all, The Rexall Store in the smallest town offers you the same goods and service that you find in The Rexall Store in the larger city.

The Rexall Stores are America's greatest drug stores. They are national in Character, national in Ideals, and national in Distribution.

Visit The Rexall Store in your town, talk to the Rexall Druggist, see his values, note his service. Then you will understand "*Your Relations with The Rexall Stores.*"



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

OCTOBER
1919

Frontispiece....."Our Mary"

Articles of Current Interest

Affairs at Washington.....*Illustrated*... Joe Mitchell Chapple 387

King Albert of Belgium Visits the United States
Joe Bailey Ready to Go Back Once More into the Political Game
The Source of Human Interest Stories
Individuality Asserts Itself Once More in Woman's Attire
The Senate Reclaiming Its Transferred Power from the President
Senator Johnson a Hard-Hitter in the "League Game"
State Department Building to be Used for Uncle Sam's Foreign Relations

Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh Devoting Her Life to Charitable Work
New Resolutions Stir Senate like a Bomb
Harvard's Triumphant Trio
They Are Real Americans—and Without the Hyphen
Congress Confers Highest Military Honors on General Pershing
Aeroplane Will Use License Number
Heavy Toll of Death Among the Aviators

The Emblem of the Single Star.....*Illustrated*.... Charles W. Person 391

Governor Calvin Coolidge, All American.....*Illustrated*.... F. Roswell Burgess 393

Why Millions Scan the Poster-boards.....*Illustrated*..... 395

The Golden Span of Fifty Years.....*Illustrated*..... 397

The Witching Mary of Filmland.....*Illustrated*..... 400

An Island Owned by a Cartoonist.....*Illustrated*..... V. Rector Griffith 401

Strange Fate of the House of Habsburg.....*Illustrated*..... Marie Widmer 403

"The Romance of Commerce".....*Illustrated*..... 405

A Dream of Charles Dickens Come True.....*Illustrated*... O. Bargamin Grimes 406

Affairs and Folks.....*Illustrated*..... 409

Miss Gladys Cooper, England's Queen of Stage Beauties
Build-Your-Own-Home Campaign
Robert D. Towne, President American Newspaper Corporation
Graphic Story of War Service in "Soldiers of the Church"
Chinese Girl a Success in Business
A Patent Office Episode
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A Clever Cartoonist
A Gifted Sculptor
The Passing of an Old-time Scout
An Up-to-Date Senior Class and Their Motto

Welcoming the War Brides.....*Illustrated*.... Frances L. Garside 416

The High Cost of Babies.....*Illustrated*..... C. H. Brownell 417

The Modern Aladdin's Lamp.....*Illustrated*..... 418

Eye Strain is the World's Great Curse..... 419

VERSE

November.....*Illustrated*.. Winfield Lionel Scott 402

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U. S. A.

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, President

JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Vice-President

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.40 a Year

20 Cents a Copy

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EVERYBODY assumes a sort of cousinly attitude toward "Our Mary." When she was filming "A Daughter of the Clan" on the rocky shore of Marblehead, Back Bay and North Shore society matrons sat around on the cold rocks for hours, eating sandwiches and olives and getting sand in their low shoes, and enduring various other discomforts with great cheerfulness because of this soi-disant sense of relationship. Their interest in her work was quite evidently the interest of a fond if critical great-aunt in a precocious child, rather than that of an interested stranger in a famous actress. When the ancient hulk that plays so prominent a part in the screened story sank suddenly without warning, instead of waiting for the proper cue, and "Our Mary" was forced to make an undignified and hurried scramble for shore to escape a ducking beneath the waves, there arose a crescendo chorus of affrighted feminine shrieks from the spectators on the rocks—much as would have been the case at a Sunday School picnic if the bright particular star of the Young Ladies' Bible Class had tumbled out of a row-boat.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN President Wilson returned, ill and worn from his Western tour and the strain of treaty work, Washington was ready with a sympathetic greeting for the Chief Executive. It seemed more like home when the lights glowed from the White House windows. Whatever else may be said the American people have a neighborly spirit. The plans for the reception of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth at the Capital were deferred, but Washington, in the glow of autumnal splendor, prepared for a royal welcome later in the month.

On the good ship, *George Washington*, a German-built craft that has figured conspicuously in war and peace times, has brought to American shores again Albert, King of the Belgians, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, and the Crown Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant. What a thrill must have come to King Albert as he reviewed again American scenes in the memories of twenty years ago. With the instinct of the real world traveler, Queen Elizabeth began using her camera as the big craft hove in sight of the Statue of Liberty. The first days in New York indicated that King Albert had not forgotten the thrill and joy of just being one of the people and remaining incognito. Great events have swept by in history since the young Prince visited America. He has fulfilled the prophesy of Tolstoi recorded in his vision of the great "World War," "Out of the North will come a tall, blue-eyed Prince who will prove a leader for Peace." Albert, King of the Belgians, was a central figure in the world cataclysm, and he returns a welcome guest to America, the country in which his faith never faltered in the dark days when his land suffered invasion.

It was in 1898 that a tall, somewhat stoop-shouldered young man with fuzzy down upon his lip, mounted the steps of the White House to greet President McKinley. He was in the very room where Lincoln conferred with his cabinet during the trying days of the Civil War. In his eyes was a look of reverence that sparkled with interest in all things American. He traveled over the United States almost unknown to the throngs

among whom he mingled. He loved to shake hands with the people. When President McKinley arose from the little yellow chair and gave him both hands in welcome, the young Prince felt the pulsating message of democracy, for was this not the year when the flag with the single star was born out of the folds of Old Glory, and Cuba became a free and independent republic?

King Albert was greeted like one of our own returning heroes from overseas. His first words to the American people upon landing were an expression of earnest gratitude for the power and aid which America gave Belgium during the war—a gratitude that he insisted would live eternally in the hearts of the Belgium people. The desire of years ago to remain incognito as much as possible, was respected by his hosts in 1919. Secretary Lansing, Secretary Baker, and Assistant Secretary of State Breckenridge Long represented Uncle Sam's hand clasp. The cheers of fifty thousand school children at Central Park was a fitting continuance of the heart welcome

begun when the vessels down the harbor announced the arrival of King Albert in America. The demonstration at Madison Square Garden only foreshadowed the cordial feeling of the people toward the distinguished guest, that spread like a wave across the continent. The first city visited after leaving New York was Boston—the same Boston where he visited the packing houses and ate *pie*. It was a wonderful Sunday in Boston—where he visited the shrines of the republic.

What a contrast to the scenes of less than a short year ago. Then on the banks of the river Yser in those last memorable October days of the World War, he stood amid the grim scenes of conflict. On the first day of this eventful year of 1919 I was in Belgium. There still remained the arches and evidences of the homecoming of Albert and his valiant little army. At Ostend, on New Year's eve, I saw the little Belgian children dancing in the plaza, their wooden shoes clattering in their glee of peace amid the gloom of their devastated and war-ridden city. All about were the grim reminders of war. When I heard the Belgian children singing, "My



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KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

Honored guest and grateful friend of the United States

Country 'Tis of Thee," the band playing the national airs, the women holding up their babes and pointing to the shoes and dresses saying, "America," it evidenced the gratitude of the Belgium people. On the day following at LePanne Albert and his son walked from his villa along the sand dunes and viewed on the beach a murderous mine swept ashore. Dixmude and Ypres I also visited in those January days after the black pall of war had been lifted. Here were scenes of devastated Belgium never to be forgotten. Everywhere when the name of King Albert was mentioned the people gathered closer with the lovelight in their eyes, for he is endeared, first of all, as a man in the full and unmeasured sense of the word.

When the murderous guns belched forth at Namur and at Liege, King Albert had decided. He led his little army in that historic struggle that saved France—our sister republic—and civilization itself. When he returned over the shell-torn roads to his people, he was hailed as every inch a king by right of deed as well as birth.

"My dreams have come true" was the natural exclamation of the tall gracious and gentle blue-eyed man. There were happy reminiscences to relate to the queenly woman at his side as he visited the old haunts in America. There was no doubt scenes recalled that were described in the letters to his fiancée years ago. His experiences as the unknown Prince, travelling about unknown, mingling with the people as a newspaper man, riding on locomotives, coming in close touch with American activities and clasping hands with William McKinley, gave him the pulsating message of democracy. His faith never wavered during those dark days that America would come to the rescue in the great life and death struggle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, was only the echo of America's greeting.

*Joe Bailey Ready to Go Back
Once More Into the Political Game*

FORMER Senator Bailey is "beating back" strong in Texas, and will be a candidate for Governor. All his old friends are lined up with him and many of his former enemies. It was William Bacon who introduced the resolution at the Galveston convention a few years ago which indorsed Bailey for President. This started a demonstration that lasted an hour, led by Bacon, Colonel R. M. Johnston of the *Houston Post* and John Henry Kirby, millionaire lumberman.

Mr. Bacon is a director of the Katy Railroad and Texas manager of the Bankers Life Company, with over \$25,000,000 Texas business. His is the largest agency branch in the United States of the Bankers Life Company.

*The Source of
Human-interest Stories*

AT the National Press Club, members of the Senate and House—who were former newspaper men were called upon for a general experience meeting. It was altogether a gathering filled with human-interest stories. There was Senator Harding, who is still a newspaper publisher, who made a masterful address and insisted that the time had come now for ideals to assert themselves in newspaper work. In the past, ideals have been overlooked in trying to get money enough to keep the ghost walking and meet the weekly pay-rolls in newspaper offices, but now the newspaper should be given over to the ideals. The keynote of this address was responded to by the other speakers, including Senator Moses of New Hampshire, Senator Harry New of Indiana, Congressman Guy U. Hardy, president of the National Editorial Association, and Senator

Knute Nelson of Minnesota. The story of the latter was intensely interesting. As a boy he worked on a farm and later sought employment in the city. He was undecided, but fate led him to the printing office. He began at low wages and long hours, but he kept at it, and today he is one of the most successful newspaper men in the country—a statesman that knows how to do things.

There is a heartiness that suggests gathering around the hearthstone in the meetings of the Press Club. There is a never-ending interest in the story of every man's life.

*Individuality Asserts Itself
Once More in Women's Attire*

WARTIME, with its intensity, established a uniformity in costume. Since the war, individuality has begun to assert itself in dress. The doughboy returning is eager to appear in store clothes. He has been so accustomed to the jaunty overseas cap that when he buys his first new derby or fedora, he buys it too small, and it sits on his head like a cupola. Women who have been accustomed to the simple dress of the Y. W. C. A. and the Red Cross are now appearing in peacock colors. From the sombre black that prevailed a year ago comes the popularity of rainbow hues. I noticed men the other day turning around and looking at girls attired in startling carmine. The skirts were fussed around behind that indicated there might be a return to the old-fashioned bustle. Girls on motor cycles were wearing lurid sweaters and scarfs that would prove a red-light signal for those approaching behind. The autumn time seemed to bring a variety of colors that I have never observed before in street wear. Indications of a lively social season are foreshadowing in the shopping district. Individuality in dress is again dominant, and the social calendar offers time and place for display and spending sums.

*The Senate Reclaiming Its
Transferred Power from the President*

THERE are several reservations introduced that indicate that the Senate is going to insist upon its prerogative in reference to confirming the appointments on all the commissions connected with the

League of Nations. The arbitrary power placed in the President's hand during the war is being gradually but gently withdrawn as normal conditions approach. As the treaty was introduced there was nothing said as to the manner in which the delegates sitting in the League of Nations should be chosen, and the rumor was that President Wilson might choose to honor himself as the American representative in the council, but Senator Smith and a group of Democratic Senators have refused to go with the administration in this matter. The question is to determine the exact difference between reservations and amendments.

Then, too, distinction is also to be drawn between issuing licenses to manufacturers of certain products and creating a protective tariff. The license system does not seem popular. It suggests the operation of handling the liquor traffic, and it is felt will never supplant the good old tariff plan of raising revenues and protecting American industries.

*Senator Johnson a Hard Hitter
in the "League Game"*

WHEN you stand face to face with Senator Hiram Johnson in conversation or as a listener to one of his stirring speeches, you look upon a man of action and decision. Born in Sacramento fifty-two years ago, he was educated and graduated from the University of California, so he can claim all the rights



FORMER SENATOR JOSEPH W. BAILEY
OF TEXAS

and honors of a "native son" of California. His father, Hon. Grove D. Johnson, was a member of the United States Congress. Hiram Johnson began his public career as corporation counsel in his native city, but his real work began in the graft prosecution in San Francisco. He was elected as candidate for governor by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, and his fight against graft is as thrilling as a Wild West story. He won the nomination after a bitter fight, with the slogan that he would "kick the Southern Pacific machine out of politics." It was a swift kick that he administered in his biennial message as governor. It was a thrilling recital of his great battle for his political life. Elected to the Senate by a majority of 296,000 votes, he has the distinction of having received the largest numerical majority ever accorded a candidate for the Senate. In his fight against President Wilson's "League of Nations," his vigorous and uncompromising addresses thruout the country had a Rooseveltian ring. As candidate for Vice-President and running-mate of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, he became a national character and is looked upon as a likely candidate for the Presidency in 1920—one of the first to hail from the Pacific Coast.

*State Department Building to be Used for
Uncle Sam's Foreign Relations*

THE new State Department building at Lafayette Square recalls the fact that it was on this corner that Secretary Seward was living when an attempt was made to assassinate him the night Lincoln was shot. The State Department building is of classic lines and has a dignity that is impressive. The veranda outside might suggest a hotel piazza with its ornate balustrade, but the building itself has the simplicity of a Grecian temple. The League of Nations (whatever it may be when it is finally adopted) will greatly expand the work of the State Department, and the United States is naturally in closer touch with the affairs of other nations—more than ever before.

*Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh
Devoting Her Life to Charitable Work*

LEISURE moments can be so utilized as to bring pleasure to the user and comfort to many others has been demonstrated by Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, one of Washington's prominent women, in an exhibition of her needle work during a recent stay at Bar Harbor this summer. It was a startling revelation of what artistic garments could be made from discarded materials, such as stockings, blankets, sweaters, gloves, curtains, pocketbooks, satchels and even old billiard table covers. For instance, on exhibition was a coat for a child of four years made out of seven pairs of old silk stockings lined with discarded kid gloves. A curtain lined with billiard table cloth is transformed into a coat for a child of eight, while a blanket assumed the shape of a suit for a boy of ten. Rag-bag scraps and leather postcards were made into fancy vests. Old shirts are made into pajamas, and even the shirt of a small and modest man like Vice-president Marshall provided a suit for a sturdy boy of three.

Over four thousand coats have been under the personal direction of Mrs. Walsh and sent into Belgium and France. In her beautiful Washington home she employs over a hundred girls to do the work, and has decided to devote the remainder of her life to making clothing for the poor in memory of her son and grandson. Mrs. Walsh was born in Wisconsin and has long been known for her generous heart and for her philanthropic work which she has carried on for many years in a quiet and undemonstrative way. Now she has decided to make it her life work, she will not only utilize materials, but will give steady employment to many other people who need and appreciate additional means.

*New Resolution Stirs
Senate Like Bomb*

TOTALLY unexpected, in both its nature and results, the resolution presented by Senator Harry New in the United States Senate asking for the reasons why the American Army and Navy were being used in the Fiume affair, in view of the fact that this country was not at war with Italy and that our work with the Allies was supposedly over, created a stir in the

Senate, after a quiet "morning hour." Many interesting phases were brought out in the discussion. Senator Hitchcock insisted that the same situation obtained as far as the direction of the Army and Navy was concerned, as during the war, in view of the fact that peace was not established until the adoption of the League.

It is intensely interesting to analyze these discussions and to see how each of the delicate points are weighed as the definition and value of words are determined. Altogether the infallibility of the human mind is again recalled in trying to settle a proposition in words that vary in the translation from one language



SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA

to another. Interpretation of phrases are much more difficult. There is a call for words that will be readily understood where the message has to be translated from one tongue to another.

*Harvard's
Triumphant Trio*

WHEN Harvard's thirty-eight thousand living sons set out to collect \$15,250,000 for a permanent endowment fund, there were three life-size generals of big-gun calibre to take charge of the world-wide campaign. The success of that campaign is a matter of history, but Harvard men will talk for years about the greatness of its leaders: Lamont, Wadsworth and Prentiss.

These men, all graduates in the nineties, and all big figures in war service, took the reins at the beginning of the drive,

and drove until the goal was reached, with a genius and an energy which rode rough-shod over bumps, ruts and holes in the road. It was a triumvirate which could not be beaten.

Thomas W. Lamont, of the class of 1892, sometime cub reporter, and now a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., was at the bottom of the original plan in 1916, when Harvard alumni formed their first committee, with the idea of raising \$10,000,000. And Harvard's endowment fund would have been yielding income for the last two years, in all probability, had it not been for the war. Lamont took his coat off and went right to work, and when the war came, side-tracking the fund, he merely shifted his objective, winding up his service to the country as financial adviser to the American Peace Commission. He tells an interesting story, by the way, about those hectic days in Paris.

Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, Orlando and President Wilson were all gathered in the Big Four's council chamber, sitting around the historic fireplace which saw the birth of the League



THOMAS W. LAMONT

of Nations, Mr. Lamont being present as President Wilson's adviser. The terms of peace had been forwarded to the Germans, and the Big Four was waiting for the word. Peace or continued war was the question waiting for an answer, and not a word had been spoken for many a long minute. And as Lamont describes it, "there came a knock on the door, a sharp word from Clemenceau, and in came a French officer, who, after saluting the Allied leaders, came to rigid attention before the French Premier, and handed him a small slip of paper. Clemenceau, seated in his big chair, seemed to study that paper for minutes, deep in reverie, and with not a trace of emotion on his face to betray what he had read. But at last he rose from his chair, and turning to his colleagues, with a simple French gesture indescribable in its simplicity, he said, 'Gentlemen, this is a moment for which I have waited forty-nine years. The Germans have accepted the terms of the treaty.'"

Lamont came back to America as a man prominent in the public eye, and with all the responsibilities which a public position brings. He was ready for the Harvard Fund, and again assumed leadership, launching the organization which achieved the final triumph of raising fifteen millions among the graduates of one university. He canvassed his friends, stirred up enthusiasm, and lent his whole organizing genius to giving the drive the impetus which carried it along thru the late spring, summer and early fall. It soon became evident that Mr.

Lamont's duties arising from his connection with the Peace Commission made it quite impossible for him to bear the burden of Harvard's leadership alone, and it was at this point that the second figure in the campaign's big trio appeared on the scene.

Eliot Wadsworth, vice-chairman of the American Red Cross, landed in New York on June 19, and the next day, Friday morning, he hung up his coat beside Lamont's and went to work, the two men operating together as joint and alternate chairmen of the Harvard Endowment Fund Committee, with offices in down-town New York.

Wadsworth brought to bear all the enthusiasm which so well characterized his part in the Red Cross campaigns, and as a legacy of the old Red Cross plan of bringing local chairmen to Washington for conferences at headquarters, conceived the idea of an "Old Grads' Summer School" at Cambridge, to bring the touch of the University to play on their imaginations, and to let them see at first hand the actual needs and problems of Harvard. This school became an accomplished fact, and was one of the most important developments of the whole campaign.

Later, in September, Mr. Wadsworth went on tour for the cause, and spoke in a dozen big middle western cities before large and enthusiastic groups of alumni, crystallizing the sentiment, perfecting local organizations, and welding the "living force of Harvard" into the machine which later poured forth the millions to help the University. If Lamont was the father of the fund, Wadsworth was its taskmaster.

The treasurer of the national fund, and the man who vitalized the campaign in New York City, was another Red Cross veteran, Colonel John W. Prentiss, '98. Every cent of the \$15,250,000 went thru his hands, and every cent was handled with the care and wisdom of a Hamilton. That the American Legion picked Mr. Prentiss for its treasurer was a natural result of his record. His is the type which made possible the tremendous forces which America exerted thru her auxiliary forces, and his is the type of which Harvard University is proud.

With Lamont, and Wadsworth, and Prentiss, Harvard has three new names to add to her list of immortals, for when the University's future historian writes the chapters of the University's financial growth, it will be seen that these were the men who saved their alma mater in her hour of gravest need.

*They Are Real Americans—
and Without the Hyphen*

WHEN Chief White Eagle left for France he had four brothers fighting in the service. Before he left, he completed his work in collecting thousands of dollars for the government and proved himself a patriot to the core. After he graduated from Carlisle Institute and returned to his home in Wyoming, he organized a Wild West show. He was an artist of unusual talent and a more ardent American never lived. Before leaving for France, he bequeathed his notable collection of Indian costumes to the American Museum of Natural History. His own costume consisted of a large feather war bonnet, fringed shirt and leggings, moccasins, pipe bag and feather-trimmed standard. He last donned this costume during the Third Liberty Loan campaign, and no voice was heard in a more eloquent plea for this country. With the inherent stoic fatalism of an Indian, his last act—before his heroic death in the trenches—was to sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." He was a striking example of patriotism, that was emulated by many of the direct descendants of the Indians whose loyalty never wavers when the flag is unfurled. They are, indeed, real Americans.

*Aeroplanes Will Use
License Number*

PRESENTING passports at the frontier may bring a new meaning to altitude as well as latitude in determining boundaries. The changed conditions in the commerce of Europe has brought this new problem in trade. If a business man leaves London for Paris, where is he first going to present his passport? A system of simplified passports is now being evolved, using identification certificate (Continued on page 392)

The Emblem of the Single Star

The American Legion, the Continuance of the Force for Good.

Which Our Four Million Service Men Represented in the War

By CHARLES W. PERSON

WITHOUT attempting to challenge the accusation so often voiced against America that she is the great forgetting nation among the people of the earth, it is safe to say that at least 4,800,000 of her sons are having no difficulty in recalling vividly just what happened at eleven o'clock on the eleventh day of November a year ago.

To the two million officers and men of the American Expeditionary Force in France, "Jerry" quit on that day. To the two million soldiers in America, waiting in camps for orders to proceed overseas, the war was over. To the thousands riding the high seas on our men-of-war, the German fleet was a memory. To the officials in Washington, an armistice had been signed.

A year has passed and the first anniversary of Armistice Day is at hand. Altho the day is significant as marking the triumph of American arms in the greatest battle ever fought, it will not be celebrated as purely such by one million veterans who have been re-absorbed into the civil life of the nation and who have taken up their duties with renewed vigor. To them the 11th of November, 1919, will be American Legion Day—the day upon which the American Legion, the national organization of soldiers, sailors and marines who fought in the Great War, held its first convention in Minneapolis and took its permanent place in the affairs of the country. The historic significance of the day is not to be ignored by Legion members. It is to be linked, rather, with a re-dedication to the principles for which The American Legion stands for. And what are those principles?

The preamble to the Constitution answers that question. "For God and country," it states, "we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good-will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

The twelve months that have elapsed since "Jerry quit" have not only witnessed the official birth, both in this country and France, of The American Legion, but they have brought to light, in reports from local posts situated in every state of the United States, the aggressive action that Legion members are taking to make America a better place to live in. Dedicated to the principle that what was worth while fighting for in the war is worth fighting for in civil life, Legion members everywhere are keeping faith with the aims and ideals of the organization which they represent.

As Judge Henry de Haven Moorman, of Kentucky, has expressed it, "The Legion is merely the continuance of the force for good which our four million service men represented in the war. They are organizing themselves so that demobilization of our armed forces will not have dissipated this great force."

From its inception The American Legion has put itself on record as a civilian organization. Its members were civilians before the war and are now again civilians. It makes no distinctions of rank and no distinctions between overseas men and men who did not get overseas. There is nothing military or militaristic in its makeup. More important still, it is non-partisan and non-political. Its slogan is "Policies—not Politics."

No better proof of this is afforded than in its bill of national incorporation, which is now a law, having been passed by Congress and signed by President Wilson. One of the clauses of this bill reads as follows:

"That the organization shall be non-political, and, as an organization, shall not promote the candidacy of any person seeking public office."

Incidentally, this is the first time in the history of the United States that a bill incorporating a national organization of the Legion's character has become a law.

"Policies—not Politics." Does this mean that The American Legion will have nothing to do with politics? That was the question asked by a Texas correspondent of *The American Legion Weekly*, official publication of the organization, and it was answered in an editorial in this stirring manner:

"We hasten to assure our Texas interrogator, and any others who may be interested, that while the American Legion adheres to its slogan 'Policies—not Politics'—it conceivably will have a great deal to do with politics. Not with narrow partisan politics. The Legion was conceived and is being built of a bigness and soundness far above that. But it is going to take cognizance of what is sound practice and what is not sound practice in the political readjustment of the country. Its members are not going to wink at political flabbiness and political rottenness. Nor are they going to temporize with public servants or would-be public servants whose Americanism is found tainted with suspicion. . . . There is no place in public life for draft-dodging slackers, any more than there is for the type of slacker who was able to buy Liberty Bonds and failed to do so. We do not believe it sound practice to put them now in places of responsibility, leadership, and honor. We do not believe the public wants to put them there, and we do not believe they are going to be put there in the future. Certainly not if The American Legion can prevent it, and we believe it can.

"Today the reckoning for pseudo-Americans, near-Americans and little Americans in public life approaches its dawn."

However, The American Legion stands for more than policies and principles. It stands, also, for service—the kind of service



OFFICIAL EMBLEM OF THE AMERICAN LEGION, THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN VETERANS OF THE GREAT WAR

This button contains a central small replica of the bronze discharge button issued by the War Department, surrounded by a blue enamel circle containing the words: "American Legion" in gold letters. The button has a fluted gold edge

that springs forth from a man-to-man, big brother spirit of comradeship. Thru its several departments at National Headquarters, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, and its thousands of local posts, it is the veteran's advisor in many matters pertaining to his personal welfare. He goes to it for information about his insurance, his allotment and allowance claims, his Liberty Bonds, his back pay, his lost baggage, his bonus, his naturalization papers, his travel pay and other problems that crowd upon him once he is out of the army.

In Washington the Legion has a Legislative Committee composed of Luke Lea, of Tennessee, and Thomas W. Miller, of Delaware, who are working indefatigably for the passage of legislation which will benefit the individual lot of the ex-soldier. This committee is now working for the passage of the Lenroot War Service Educational Act, which extends to all honorably discharged members of the various military service the broad educational facilities heretofore available only to soldiers, sailors, and marines. It is also working for an amendment to the War Risk Insurance Act, which, among other things, permits the insurance, upon maturity, to be paid as an annuity or in one payment.

From the outset the Legion has actively identified itself with the employment situation, and thru its state employment officers and local posts has done splendid work in placing service men in touch with employers. Investigations recently made reveal the fact that there are only about twenty thousand men unplaced. These last cases, which appear to be the most difficult and urgent ones, are receiving the immediate attention of the Legion, which contemplates carrying on the work originated by Colonel Arthur Woods of the United States Employment Service. Colonel Woods has already handed in his resignation to Secretary of War Baker, but before doing so he advised the National Executive Committee of The American Legion that it was the only agency that could effectively absorb and carry on the government's employment service.

The Legion has been called the "G. A. R. of the Great War." Cartoonists have linked up the two organizations in an effective and patriotic manner by representing an old soldier in tattered uniform of blue, the G. A. R., passing the American flag into the hands of a stalwart youth, The American Legion, with the admonition "Carry on."

That is the actual mission of The American Legion—to carry



HENRY D. LINDSLEY

Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the American Legion

on, not passively, but actively. And that is the reason why Armistice Day to one million members of The Legion takes on an added significance—a day upon which to rededicate themselves to the work of carrying on those ideals for which their comrades paid the supreme sacrifice.

for passengers, similar to an automobile driver's license, permitting unlimited trips for a given period to any country with whom the arrangements have been made, so that our aeroplanes will have to have its license number, and be daily accounted for, while swimming thru areas of air which has heretofore been known as only the limitless blue sky.

Congress Confers Highest Military Honors on General Pershing

AS a prelude to the arrival of King Albert, the reception given General Pershing and the First Division in Washington revived war-time enthusiasm in the capital. A little more gray and more lines in his face, but with eyes that glowed with happiness, the commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in France returned to his desk in the War Department with the same vigor with which he quietly left that summer day to take up the responsibilities when the United States entered the world war.

When he was presented with the highest honors that can be conferred on a military man by Congress, he remained the same well-poised Pershing of war times. Somehow I thought of the contrast in the scene when Ulysses S. Grant was made a General by Congress. There was no such unanimity at that time as expressed when the honors were conferred on General Pershing. It was another instance of how the doors of opportunity are open to American youth. The sturdy lad from Laclede has climbed on up steadily, ready for every opportunity as a result of the early days of preparation in good old Missouri.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 390

The full record of General Pershing's services has not yet been made. To command and direct the largest army the United States has ever known was in itself a great task, but his real triumph was in the diplomacy with which he paved the way for a new relation between nations in times of war, as well as peace. He won the hearts of the French people and the confidence of all the Allies was never shaken by word or act in the purpose of this great crusade over three thousand miles across the sea.

When he first arrived in France, during the war, he visited the tomb of Lafayette, and made that classical address of four words that will go down in history, "We are here, Lafayette." The history of America's participation in the world war will include in its glorified pages the work of the tireless leader and commander whose dauntless valor and firm administration led on to victory. His relations with General Foch have a suggestion of the Damon and Pythias relationship.

Heavy Toll of Deaths Among the Aviators

DAY after day the bulletin from the Army Aviation Field reads like war times as the casualties multiply. It has set the department at work to see what can be done to avoid the heavy toll of young life. The splendid young lives that have been snuffed out in the air exploits since the armistice was signed is an appalling record. The hazardness of aviation is being battled as were motor accidents in the early days of the automobile.

When the Boston Police Struck! The Country Discovered Governor Calvin Coolidge, All-American

His Reply and Actions Suited the Memorable Words, "There is No Right to Strike Against the Public Safety by Anybody, Anywhere, Anytime"

By F. ROSWELL BURGESS

IT proved to be the last straw, the sudden withdrawal of police protection in Boston, to a public already tiring of strikes, and the abandoning to a conscienceless mob the mothers, wives and sweethearts, and all of the things of civic pride that Americans hold dear—the desertion of the Boston police force, for desertion is what their action constituted—for these men on the force, as much under oath as the men in the Federal service, aroused the public's ire as nothing else could have done. When civilians have to organize into vigilant committees for civic protection, and fathers and brothers arm themselves and act as escorts for daughters and sisters to and from work, the situation makes us pause, and the public is wont to consider how much of it is necessary. While it is recognized that individually the striking policemen would not countenance such proceedings as ensued upon their gay leave-taking of station-houses at roll call that memorable Tuesday night, still they must collectively be held responsible for what transpired, as must those whose duty it was to provide adequate protection for the city in just such an emergency.

Few indeed were there who had the foresight to see that here in the very center of education—here in staid old Boston-town—the sparks of Hun propaganda were busily smouldering, awaiting only the draft of opportunity to fan them into the consuming flame. The action of the police furnished just such opportunity and the shameful events of that never-to-be-forgotten night will ever be a blot against the honor of our city that recalls the pro-slavery mobs that evolved into emancipation. These things that transpired were possible because the police were denied the privilege of placing themselves in a union subject to a power that could command them and their actions against that of legally constituted authority.

When word went around late that Tuesday afternoon

that there were no police on duty, groups of men and boys gathered on every corner, and, as tho to test the rumor, dice were produced and crap games and gambling of every description thrived in the open. Finding that their pastimes were not interrupted, curiosity seized the crowds as to what the conditions in other sections of the city were like, and so a small group at the start, after a short tour thru the streets,

had assimilated several other small groups and soon reached the proportions of a mob. Thus the trouble started. Reports of depredations in the outlying sections of the city poured into the newspaper offices, and, like a great shadow creeping over the city, the wave of lawlessness and crime began, and unchecked at the start, grew bolder and bolder with each new deed committed until, with thoughts of the rich loot available in the city proper stores, the bands of marauders swept into the down-town streets, as tho drawn there by a magnet, leaving behind them scenes that would make the pillage of a hostile army pale into insignificance.

Young boys working systematically in gangs of six to a dozen, broke enormous plate glass windows with baseball bats and clubs and looted all within reach. One such scene as I witnessed occurred on Washington Street, and was the store of a shoe merchant. The gang (mere youths), numbering nearly a dozen boys ranging in age from sixteen to twenty years, after clearing away the remnants of the broken window from the frame, some entered the store while the remainder awaited the throwing out of the loot. The stock in this store was kept in open cases, just as received from the factory, and the cases stood on end forming shelves for the boxes. These cases the boys threw out onto the sidewalk where the rest of the gang seized them and bore them away upon their shoulders. Not content with taking only what they wanted, the spirit of destructiveness prompted them to throw out what loose pairs



GOVERNOR CALVIN COOLIDGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

of shoes they could find, and soon the sidewalk in front of the store was literally covered with odd shoes of every description—high, low, tan or black, all sizes and all styles lay scattered around the street and in the gutters. Lads not over ten or twelve years of age were selling shoes for from fifty cents to a dollar and a half a pair at the corner of Northampton and Washington Streets that night.

Not all were boys, however, who helped in this depredation, for middle-aged laboring men and street-car employees were engaged in the task of pillage. Some there were who, after diligent search among the rubbish on the street finding a pair that suited or fitted them, would sit down upon the curb and change their old shoes for the new ones. I saw two colored families who had been attracted to the scene seated upon doorsteps, while the head of the house hunted for his family, helping to complete the financial ruin of the unsuspecting merchant. Shoe stores were not the only sufferers that night, for I saw the broken windows and bare interiors of show windows that gave mute testimony of vandal visits in tailor shops, jewelers and haberdasheries.

* * * *

Damages, however, were not confined to property, for the person of young girls and elderly ladies were not inviolate from the frenzy of the mobs, seemingly intoxicated with the feeling of non-restraint. I would never have believed that the things could come to pass that I saw, if I had read of them or been told of them. Women were dragged off street cars, carried down alleyways and into doorways, and were subjected to abuses which these same hoodlums were loth to believe of the German hordes in the early days of the war. These insults to women were not the work of one or two disordered minds, either, for in all the cases that I saw that night, the proceedings were being witnessed by a throng of jeering men and boys.

Gambling flourished in the main thoroughfares, and in the West End section of the city many of the streets leading to the great North Railway Terminal were impassable by an automobile, because of the denseness of the crowds around crap games. Cars were derailed and stoned in a purely malicious spirit. The whole situation was reminiscent of school days when after the teacher had left the room and all authority seemed to be lifted, spit-balls travelled across the room and elastics were snapped about.

In the heart of fashionable Back Bay, under the very walls of Symphony Hall, two negroes took turns in relieving passing pedestrians of their valuables at the point of a revolver, while scattered spectators stood on the opposite side of the street and looked on. Nearly seventy-five men were engaged in rolling dice outside a lunch room on the other corner of Massachusetts Avenue, when a young fellow entered the restaurant and demanded the contents of the cash drawer which were handed over. Not one attempt was made to apprehend the criminals, but even late as it is now, every faculty of the police department should be used to ferret out the guilty and bring them to justice.

If such conditions arise out of a strike, whether the events are incited or not, are strikes to be long tolerated, or since there is equity in law, should not these industrial questions be submitted to that equity which would deny the power of personally organized bodies to shake the bludgeon of power in the face of organized government and say, "You do this and that—hold up your hands and deliver or loot and anarchy will come to all the people."

* * * *

Totally unprepared to cope with the regime of terror which was hourly growing more deadly, the police heads and the city fathers engaged in precious, time-wasting arguments, blindly seeking to shift the responsibility for the catastrophe instead of initiating rigid orders to check the trouble. Then it was that Calvin Coolidge, governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, proved himself the man of the hour, when he stepped into the breach and assumed the dictatorship of the affairs of the city. His call for state guardsmen received a swift and encouraging response, and by mid-afternoon of the next day the streets were being patrolled by men of determined

mien, who brooked no discussion and kept the crowds moving by the alternative of cold steel. In Scollay Square where the fever of the mob was kept at a high pitch by the stories of striking restaurant employees of the Walton lunch rooms, a troop of calvary was ordered to disperse them, and well did the troopers perform their duty. The charge lost none of the ferociousness or its suggestiveness of unpleasant consequences by being staged in Boston streets rather than on the Western Front, and after the first dash only stragglers were visible where a few moments before the street had been blocked with humanity. While they availed little against the mob the first days, the valor and patriotism of the college men who volunteered for police duty is worthy of much commendation. Many of them received bodily injury at the hands of mobs, but they valiantly stuck to their posts.

It would be impossible for anything of such proportions to transpire without some incident arising which had its humorous side, and one instance which came to my attention was the plight of a coal team driver who had inopportunely arrived in Scollay Square just as the mob was seeking vainly for some ammunition to throw at the restaurant windows. The driver was received with open arms by the mob leaders and patted upon the back and thanked for coming at that time. He, however, was too frightened and surprised to appreciate the humor of the situation, and remained where he had been gently placed when the leaders mounted his truck and watched the load of coal used for a very foreign purpose.

The change was radical—from the traditional police blue to khaki—but the action of Governor Coolidge will be commended, without reserve, by all persons who believe in law and order, no matter what their race, creed or politics may be. It may have worked hardships in some cases, but the foundation of all authority of the people has been challenged by the sentinels on guard. The purpose of justice, of law and of order are fundamental. Democracy is nothing more than the feelings of a people who insist upon governing themselves. To overthrow a tyranny of the leaders of organizations that defy the power of all government is the same as throwing off the yoke of a czar or a kaiser. The reader of history or the one who has come into contact with that strong undercurrent of the republic realizes that the America people are not to be turned from their purpose by any upheavals that have in themselves only the pecuniary interest of any particular class of people to settle.

While the red flag may still wave in Russia, its doctrines will certainly not be tolerated on the free soil of America. Organizations that blindly propagate and permit law and order to be defied will follow the Kaiser to their doom.

* * * *

Not only in Boston is the smooth flow of civic life interrupted, for walking down Broadway, New York City, throngs were gathered before the theatres. There were no "standing room only" signs displayed, and the rush at the box office indicated money flowing out instead of coming in. The "wextry" told the story. Actors were on a strike, and the show "went on" outside instead of inside. "All the world was a stage" that night, for on the street curb performances were given that recalled pictures of the traveling minstrels and theatres of Elizabethan times. There was something actorial in the name assumed by the strikers. It was not called a plebeian union, but an association, and the word "Equity" was well chosen. In the meantime the crowd took back their money and smiled. No matter as to the inconvenience—it was a strike, and strikes are incidents, not events.

On one of the streets leading off Broadway the striking actors were gathered. The "striking" attitude assumed by some of the old-time English actors trilling their "r's" suggested shades of Shakespeare on curb picket duty. The old-time tragedian was holding earnest pow-wow with the Bowery vaudeville artist. The earnestness of it all made a scene more vivid than footlight reflections.

The managers were jolted, but were soon organized and ready for the emergency. It was a battle royal for a few days. Then it was realized that playwright, producer and actor are an unmistakable trilogy. With it also (Continued on page 427)

Why Millions Scan the Poster-boards

THE heavy artillery of modern advertising is indicated in the barrage of posters that blaze across the continent with words flashed and remembered.

Five hundred, eight hundred, a thousand people sit in tense silence as a thrilling drama is portrayed on the screen, while the history of years is vividly told in as many minutes. Scenes of sadness, gladness, love and hate, intermingle with almost bewildering proximity, but the eyes of the audience, ceaselessly photographing every movement, keep pace with the development. A wave of feeling stirs the amusement seekers, but only for a moment, for the scene has changed. Captions and titles, displayed for but an instant, are drunk in by the waiting scores of eyes. Suddenly the screen flashes white, and the far-away drone of the motion-picture machine ceases. The show is over and the audience leaves. They have read the captions and seen the pictures.

Out on the busy street the theater is left behind, and in the minds of each person the power of rapid observation has been cultivated. The demand that impressions of any nature must be brief, to the point, and picturesque, remains. If you attend the movies regularly, you are one of this group—with movie-trained eyes and observation.

A constant series of mental photographs is presented as you pass posters. There is no escaping them. The unconscious demand for something brief, explicit, picturesque, reflects the moving spirit of the times.

There is a simple psychology behind it all. How often have you heard the expression, "It is so hard for me to remember names, but I never forget faces?" The pictures taken by the greatest of all cameras, the human eye, are far more lasting than impressions gained thru the ear or by study.

During the holiday season of 1914 groups of children and grown-ups gathered about posters representing the Nativity, recalling graphically the scenes associated with the birth of Christ. On the picture were the words "Ask your Sunday-school teacher." The good accomplished by this poster, at that time an experiment, can never be estimated. The educational value of posters has only been lightly probed.

The part played by posters in war activities is familiar. Recruiting, food saving, war stamps—all were brought to the continual attention of the public thru the poster, and it proved itself a splendid means. The manner in which the nation was



EDWARD C. CHESHIRE OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
President of Poster Association

for the United States Treasury Department during the World War.

"A big splash when it's most needed" is one of the great assets of poster advertising, at least this is the opinion of S. R. Swiss, of the Republic Motor Truck Company, who was present to get in closer touch and better understanding with this form of publicity.

"In the old 'circus days,' when posting was in its infancy, it was hit

emblazoned with posters of the big 'V' in our last Liberty Loan campaign, capped the faith of the United States government in this form of publicity.

* * *

At the twenty-ninth annual gathering of poster men at Atlantic City in 1919, representatives of the federal government were for the first time in history present for the purpose of learning more about posters, which were so effectively tested and found to be so beneficial in war work. Representatives of the army and navy were there with words of appreciation and gratitude for the services that the patriotic poster men had rendered, not only during the war, but in meeting perplexing situations directly afterward.

The greeting from Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, chief of the Publicity Bureau of the United States Treasury Department, was a most interesting discussion of what the Poster Advertising Association accomplished



JOSEPH DEUTSCH
Representing the lithographing trade

and miss," he says. "Gradually advertisers have come to see the value and force of these large outdoor displays, and the country's leading artists have been enlisted in producing the highest type of commercial pictures."



A. M. BRIGGS
A well-known figure in Posterdom

"Attending a Poster Convention could with good reason be called a 'liberal education' for advertising men. The spirit of loyalty and co-operation was exhilarating. Optimism was dominant; for, with the war won, the open road lies before us with a promise of ever increasing posters, progress, and prosperity," was the comment of Mr. Mace of the National "Uneeda" Biscuit fame.

Newspapers, as well as posting concerns, have recognized the new characteristic of the American public. The result is big headlines, various shades of paper, and colored ink. Four words in block letters tell the story of a peace conference meeting, an international crisis, a new invention, where four columns were necessary before.

"If you would win success, discover what the public wants, and then give it to them." This seems the motto of the posting men, and the success of the industry shows clearly that a common chord in the hearts of the rapid-thinking movie-educated public has been struck.

Revealing the breezy outdoor air in which their products bloom, the delegates to the annual convention gathered with their president, Mr. E. C. Cheshire. His response to the address of welcome by the mayor of Atlantic City was the keynote of the notable convention.

Stirring talks by Mr. M. F. Reddington, of the Poster Advertising Company, and a frank, heart-to-heart talk by Mr. Joseph Deutsch, representing the lithographers who provide the posters, indicated the scope of the new order of things in advertising and exploitation.

The address of Miss M. G. Webber of the Fisk Tire Company was a masterful grasp of the whole subject of advertising, and

indicated a woman's power in grasping the big things in business.

Among the men present were advertisers representing an expenditure of millions of dollars. There was Mr. Bowman Gray, with his load of "Camel" cigarettes.

* * * * *

The lively discussions which followed tingled with the spirit of free speech. It would not be a Poster Convention without the rough and tumble debate and a five-reel "knock-out."

The editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was eloquently introduced by Mr. A. M. Briggs, who was responsible for the many inspiring associations of a magazine editor with the poster men. It recalled the meeting twelve years ago, when the late Barney Link, the Nestor of poster advertising, arose and introduced a resolution for educative posters that marked an epoch in the history of posters.

The entertainment of the guests was in the hands of Mr. Louis St. John, of Atlantic City. He had every minute measured for happy hours, whether it was dancing on the million-dollar pier, or a theater party in the garden and a bath in the surf. It set a pace even for Atlantic City in greeting a national convention.

Colonel W. T. McIntyre of the Salvation Army was present with the McIntyre Sisters, who won their decorations at the front line trenches while with the 26th Division in France.

The advancement that has been made in posterdom in the last decade is marvelous. Nearly all the cities in the country are provided with substantial plants, and poster advertising



MISS M. G. WEBBER
Advertising Manager of the Fisk Tire Company

is vital to the life of a city that seeks exploitation. Point out a city without poster space and you point to a dead town. The artillery of posters will help the salesmen to sell "Made in America" goods and put a box barrage on foreign competition, as it continues to blaze new pathways of publicity across the continent.

The Golden Span of Fifty Years



ANNIVERSARIES, as they come and go, are merely arbitrary divisions of time, but there are some anniversaries that seem aglow with something that makes one forget the minutes, the hours, and the comparative dates on the calendar. The thing that makes the difference is the spirit—not the time. My earliest recollections of advertising are associated with the name of N. W. Ayer & Son. The big brown book on the editor's desk in the *Progress* office, where I began my career as printer's devil, was Ayer's Newspaper Annual. It was revered much as the dictionary on the other side of the table, or the Bible in the bookcase—and consulted more often. Dr. Wasson was a large man, and what a delight it was to me to curl up in his big chair (after office hours) and imagine myself an editor—read the exchanges strewn about, and wield the paste brush, making copy for the spindle. In those after-hours dreams I would find myself occasionally poring over the pages of that Annual, wondering what kind of men Mr. Ayer and his son were. Unappalled at the number of newspapers contained in the book, I would let my imagination run riot and select the paper I myself would edit some day, locating it in the Annual and reading the details of the prospective property. Perhaps I might even become the editor of the *Progress*.

These memories came to me one night not long ago when the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son was celebrated at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. There were flowers, there was music, there were hundreds of guests from all parts of the country, there were four hundred associates or employees; it was a function that surpassed some of the most brilliant diplomatic parties in Washington. The galleries were full of men and women who could not be accommodated on the banquet floor. Overhead brightly blazed a huge reproduction of the famous motto—"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success"—which has passed into the language and life of the day—an inspiration to thousands of those who aspire and perspire as they travel life's crowded highway.

As I saw my old friends Bradford and Wood present tributes, one to the living men and the other to the departed man, who had together been the master builders of this great business, my mind went back to my acquaintance with the firm that had for years seemed to do things right and with righteous purpose.

The very first enterprise I edited was heralded to the outside world in an announcement in the Newspaper Annual. The very first checks received for outside advertising had that familiar, now widely known, signature. Since those distant days in the country weekly office, like many another publisher, I have seen some of my dreams come true, but ever in the van as I traveled on, I have seen the old house of Ayer & Son fighting for higher standards, seeking out worthy firms with worth-while products or service, blazing new trails in the undiscovered country of advertising—and promptly paying their bills.

At the head table on this occasion was Mr. F. Wayland Ayer, the hero of my youthful dreams. Here in the flesh was the founder of the great organization. Here were gathered the leading periodical and newspaper publishers and advertisers, known world-wide, to do honor on this golden anniversary day to the man who had done so much to make revenue and profits possible for the Fourth Estate.

The dinner itself was an epicurean triumph. At the table near me sat magnate periodical publishers in all their glory, representing six million circulation. This indicated something of the expansion of the fifty years past, for here in seven publications was equalled a large part of the country's entire circu-

lation in 1869. When the census was taken at our table, we were routed on figures, but General Felix Agnus of the *Baltimore American* met the challenge with the suggestion that quality is as much a factor as quantity, and while our modest little circulations did not run far into millions, we were proud of the others in the craft who could claim philocratic millions, with hopes that the planets might be kind and give us the right to use such staggering circulation statements some day in the future. In the brilliant glow of the trade-mark "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," the party went on to have a jolly time—and they did keep "right at it" until early hours of the morning.

Between the courses a flashlight upon the screen revealed the evolution of advertising in fifty years. The Ayer triumphs of modern advertising, first given in colors on the screen, were

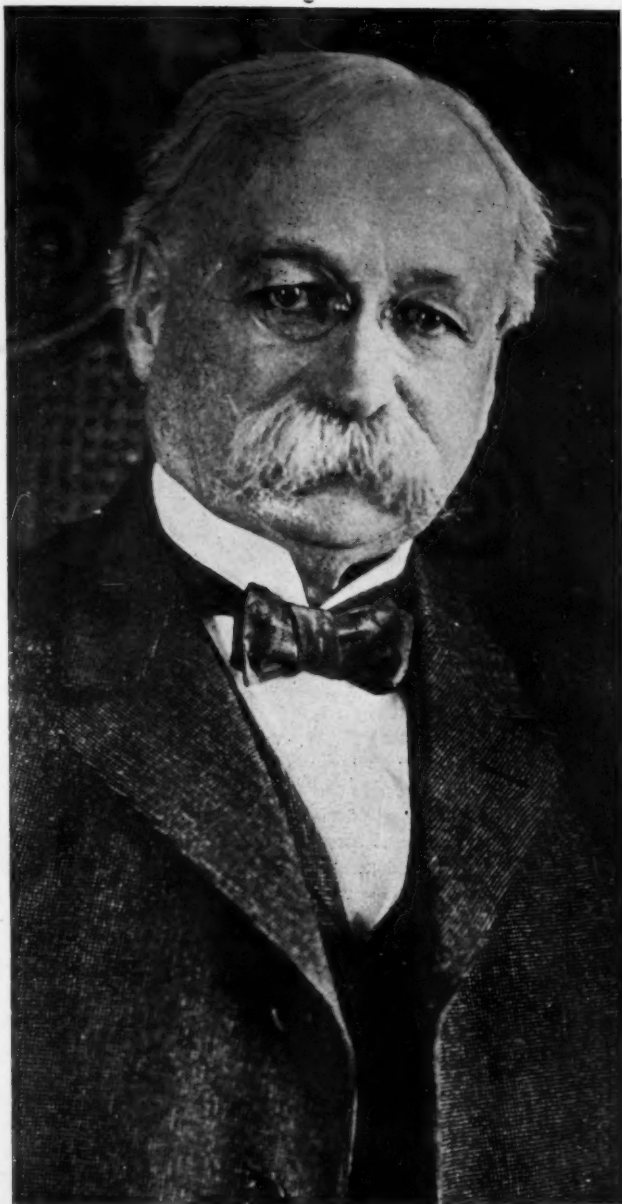


Photo by Phillips,
Philadelphia

F. WAYLAND AYER

Founder and senior member of the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son



JAMES A. WOOD
Member of the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son

later intensified when the screen curtain was lifted and there was revealed the living picture representation of that same copy. It seemed almost uncanny to witness this vivid portrayal in flesh and blood of the messages from the clients of N. W. Ayer & Son that had met the eye and absorbed the interest of millions of people the world over on the printed page.

In the menu the firm carried out its policy of service by including such advertised products of their clients as Camel Cigarettes, Domino Sugar, Welch's Grapelade, and Hires' Champanale.

A handsome painting of Mr. Ayer, the founder, was presented to employees of the firm. A bronze tablet to the late Mr. Henry N. McKinney was unveiled. Never was a sweeter tribute paid to a man than was spoken in the words that came from the hearts of his associates and those who had known him in the activities of life, as in silence they looked upon this fitting and appropriate memorial.

Mr. Ayer was more than a toastmaster. The hearty hostfulness in everything he said or did was hospitality supreme. The tribute paid him by former President of the United States, William Howard Taft, was the signal for hearty cheers. Judge Taft grimly observed with his bubbling humor that had he secured the services of Mr. Ayer prior to 1912, the results might have been different in the fateful years that followed.

There was a touching tenderness in Mr. Ayer's tribute to his father—the school master—and memories of his mother, also a school teacher. The ideals and purposes that were included in the very foundations of the business fifty years ago came from the schoolroom. The changes and advancement of fifty years were recounted by Mr. Ayer in a way that made it seem like a dream in fairyland.

When ex-Senator Lafayette Young of Iowa, representing the newspapers, arose, he voiced a happy greeting from the newspaper fraternity. . . Edward Bok of the renowned *Ladies' Home Journal*, related the story of the intimate and unswerving friendship between Mr. C. H. K. Curtis of the Curtis Publishing Company, and Mr. F. W. Ayer during the struggling and trying days of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The tributes to the firm from Mr. E. D. Babst, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, and Mr. N. C. Kingsbury, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, were classic utterances, touching upon the methods this firm had devised in bringing the great business and industrial development of the country to a realization of its own relation to the public. They paid tribute to the splendid public service rendered by an institution that held fast to the same ideals in private, public, and business life.



Photo by Brown,
Philadelphia

ALBERT G. BRADFORD
Member of the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son



WILLIAM ARMISTEAD
Member of the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son

Over and over again Mr. Ayer said the first thing with them was "to make advertising pay the advertiser," and the firm has certainly clung tenaciously to these ideals. It was a startling disclosure when Mr. Armistead of the firm referred to a recent case where advertising had been placed in eight thousand newspapers all over the country in forty-eight hours, the copy being telegraphed to reach remotest sections. It was something of a surprise for many well-informed advertisers to learn that this was the only firm in the country that could accomplish such an achievement, as they handle thousands of the smaller newspaper accounts, as well as the larger ones, making complete the entire map of advertising service.

When Miss C. E. Mason related the story of her experiences with N. W. Ayer & Son it was a revelation of the educational advertising which this firm has developed more extensively than any other firm. It was the outgrowth of a sentiment of Mr. Ayer, associated with the memory of his mother—a school teacher—and his father, an educator as well. Miss Mason related that her school, "The Castle," at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York, had been made possible thru this policy, which recognized the practical economic value of schools as the nation's greatest asset, and had done so much to help develop them.

Another address was by Mr. Wilfred W. Fry, not only a member of the firm, but a member of the family of Mr. Ayer, who used the impressive closing words of the Declaration of

Independence, in the very city where they were first uttered, as he called upon the four hundred of his business associates to rise in token of their renewed pledge to Mr. Ayer to perpetuate and exemplify in daily practice the principles upon which the firm had wrought for fifty years.

Mr. Thomas McKnight, who has seen forty-two years of service with the house, presented Mr. Ayer with a book with the autographs of employees and guests, the same being wonderfully bound and having inserted in the cover the firm's famous medal in solid gold.

Mr. William C. Freeman and Mr. Herbert S. Houston, representing the newspaper and periodical publishers of the country, then presented a gold loving cup of rare beauty and value. Engraved on it were the names of two hundred and ten of the country's leading publications, and on the top the following words: "In recognition of the splendid service rendered the cause of advertising by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, the publishers of the United States present this token of their appreciation and regard, on this, their golden anniversary, and felicitate them on the effectiveness of their slogan—"Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success."

It is safe to say that no advertiser, no publisher, no employee, no guest, left the room that night without a higher conception of advertising and the wonderful part it has played in the progress of the world. In many cases I venture to say that this was coupled with a personal resolution to give it more worth-while individual support. Truly a great occasion.



Photo by Hoedh,
Philadelphia

WILFRED W. FRY
Member of the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son

A Smile That Encircles the Globe

The Witching Mary of Filmland

A Close-up Camp Story of Little Mary Smith, the Canadian Lass Who Has Become the Mary Pickford of the Screen Realm

IS there a remote corner of this dear old world, touched however slightly by the progress of civilization, where the smile, or at least the conjuring name of Mary Pickford, is unknown? If in fact such a place does exist, the sincere sympathy of millions of film

enthusiasts would be instantly tendered the inhabitants of that isolated corner who have never known the care-relieving properties of this demure lady's smile. "Our Mary," as the proprietary public has come to call this dainty creature of moods, in the way that the public the world over has of claiming as its own that which captivates its fancy, has attained the heights of success in her chosen profession only after constant labor and studious application thruout the past twenty-six years.

Born in Toronto April 8, 1893, little Mary Smith, which was her family name, was reared amidst surroundings over-run with stage-lore, and which early created an indefinable fascination for the young girl, which is not remarkable when one realizes that her mother was once a favorite of the footlights as a character actress. Early in her life Mary's training for

the stage commenced, and at the age of five years she made her debut in an amateur production for which she had been trained by her mother. Soon her ability was recognized and her stage career became an assured fact. However, the best that can be said of these early years behind the footlights for the present star, is that they furnished experience which settled into a firm foundation for the stellar performance of these later years.

When motion pictures became an assured venture Miss Pickford entered this new field and her first notable success was gained in the presentation of "Hearts Adrift." However, the lure of the spoken stage drew her back to the spotlight and she re-appeared in "A Good Little Devil." Her experience with this cast was not meteoric and she again renounced the spoken stage for the more fascinating work before the recording eye of the camera. Success seemed now to be playing attendance upon this maid, for her rise was rapid, the public quickly captivated to the charms of the actress who could present such a variety of emotions and portray so many moods, mischievous yet pathetic, uncer-

(Continued on page 428)



Making a Dream Come True, that is No Joke

An Island Owned by a Cartoonist

John McCutcheon's "Treasure Island" in the West Indies—with Legends of Pirates and Buried Doubloons

By V. RECTOR GRIFFITH



WHEN John Finney McCutcheon sets his foot upon Treasure Island he becomes, in truth, lord of all he surveys. It has been a number of years since he made his dream come true, since the war correspondent and cartoonist of the *Chicago Tribune* purchased Treasure Island, one of the isles of the West Indies, and called Saltbay by the natives. This island has also been called Honeymoon Island, perhaps because it was to this island in the sea that McCutcheon took his bride in March, 1917, and where they spent their honeymoon.

Five years prior to 1917, Mr. McCutcheon made a tour of the West Indies, where he explored places made famous by buccaneers, when bold, bad pirates of the seventeenth century made depredations on the Spaniards of the West Indies and southern Florida, then sailed around the Horn to the Pacific coast. Their strange adventures and the life of Drake has been told in romance and song: how they sailed the seas and buried their ill-gotten loot on the islands discovered by Columbus. And the romance of it all appealed to the adventuresome spirit of John Finney McCutcheon, who set out to explore the pirates treasure trove, which ended in his becoming the owner of Treasure Island.

McCutcheon's studio, in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, is also a treasure trove, the place where he keeps under lock and key numerous relics and souvenirs that he has collected at various times from many parts of the world, together with those presented to him by friends and admiring strangers. There is among the collection an immense foot of an elephant that once roamed the wilds of Africa. It is mounted and has a conspicuous place in the studio of the cartoonist.

"That elephant was shot by Mr. Roosevelt," remarked Mr. McCutcheon, observing my interest in the relic. "And those pictures in that case," he added, pointing to a case near at hand, "were taken on Treasure Island."

The picture that accompanies this article was also taken on the island off the coast of Florida. It is John Finney McCutcheon, lord and owner of Treasure Island.

Of course it is great to be the proud possessor of an entire island, but McCutcheon said, while in a reminiscent mood, that as he looks back to his early days in Chicago, the days when he was a cub reporter on a big daily newspaper and knew the meaning of a bitter struggle to make good, he counts those days among the happiest of his life.

"For those were the days George Ade shared a hall room with me on Michigan Avenue," remarked McCutcheon, as he sat before his desk, where paper, pencil and ink was ready for

him to draw a cartoon for the *Tribune*. "George was then a would-be writer, while I was a would-be cartoonist. I was working hard, but received a small salary. We were compelled to experience a certain amount of discomforts, I suppose; but as I now recall them they held a sort of interest to one with youthful eyes. And we were both gathering experiences that we were able to realize on as success came to us. So that I can look back to that period as one of the most interesting of my life."

Like many a boy who has made good in life, John F. McCutcheon was born on a farm. And that farm is located in Indiana, the state that claims any number of writers as her sons, where George Ade now owns a large stock farm.

McCutcheon was six years old when his parents moved to La Fayette, where he received a high school education, then graduated from Purdue University, with the class of 1889. He then went to Chicago and took up the study of drawing, since he was told there was more money in cartooning than the writer's game. After some effort he succeeded in getting on the staff of the old *Morning News*, which became the *Record*, then the *Chicago Record-Herald*. He remained with the latter until 1903, when he joined the newspaper force of the *Chicago Tribune*, with which he has been connected sixteen years. But in 1895 he took a vacation and went abroad with George Ade. The now famous humorous writer wrote, while the now famous cartoonist illustrated their experiences while on this trip across the continent, which afterward appeared in a Chicago newspaper. On their return to Chicago

Ade started a daily feature for the *Record*, called "Stories of the Streets and Town," which were also illustrated by McCutcheon.

It was about this time that he begun drawing a daily cartoon for the newspaper, which was his first cartoon work. He continued working as a cartoonist until 1897, when he was invited to make a trip around the world aboard the war ship *McCulloch*. He was still aboard this dispatch boat when war with Spain was declared, which put an end to the voyage.

"The *McCulloch* was a revenue cutter, and I was on a six months' vacation," remarked McCutcheon, "when we happened to run in the Spanish-American war and the cutter was attached to Dewey's squadron at Hong Kong. I went along as war correspondent for the *Chicago Record* and saw the fight at Manila Bay. I remained to take in the Philippine war, then was sent, April, 1900, to Africa, where I recorded the Boer War. I returned to America the latter part of that year and resumed cartooning for the *Record*, until I was stricken with the Philippine fever, when I was compelled to give up



JOHN FINNEY MCCUTCHEON
On his Treasure Island in the West Indies

work and go south, where I remained until the latter part of 1901."

* * *

Five years later, now with the *Chicago Tribune*, McCutcheon made a long caravan trip thru Asia, Turkey, and China. The cartoonist traveled a thousand miles in a wagon and did a great deal of big game hunting. This time he was absent from America nine months. When trouble threatened with Mexico, he was aboard the war ship *Wyoming* as war correspondent, and sometimes he illustrated his work. Frederick Palmer was also aboard the *Wyoming*.

"I was with Carranza," McCutcheon went on to state, "when trouble threatened with Europe, so we left Mexico in haste. Palmer sailed for Europe August 4th, while I sailed on the *St. Paul* three days later, and we met in Brussels August 17. I was with the Belgian army for a while; then with the German army, for I was captured by the Huns while in Belgium. I returned to America November, 1914, when I did a series of full-page articles of my experiences 'over there' for the *Tribune*, then resumed cartoon drawing."

The following August McCutcheon returned to Europe, where he spent sometime in France; then he went to Italy, Greece, Servia and Macedonia.

"I wrote the foreword for Richard Harding Davis' last book, *The Deserter*," McCutcheon stated.

"Was that a true story—one taken from life?"

"It was in part. The incident that resulted in Davis writing the story occurred in our room in Saloniki, Macedonia. It was

a large room, occupied by four of us, and the man was brought in, around whom the story was woven."

After seven months in the war zone, McCutcheon again returned to America early in 1916, when something happened that put an end to his work as a newspaper war correspondent: He became engaged to Miss Evelyn Shaw of Chicago, whom he married a year later. And it was then he made the trip of his life—his honeymoon trip—which he spent at Treasure Island.

"It is easily understood why you put off marrying until you reached forty-seven, and why you drew the cartoon, 'Some day, mebbe, I'm gonna get married, when I grow up.'"

At this McCutcheon smiled. "I was too busy to think of getting married. There are some high spots in my life, but now I live in the country, am a commuter nowadays, and compelled to catch certain trains in and out the city. But when I reach home John II is there to welcome me."

John F. McCutcheon isn't the only member of his family who has made his name famous. George Barr McCutcheon,

the oldest member of this interesting family of three brothers and one sister, is the author of "Graustark" and many other interesting novels; while Ben, the younger brother, is a journalist and was at the head of the fourth Liberty Loan drive in Chicago. And Mrs. Jessie McCutcheon Raleigh, the youngest member of the family, is known as the woman who, at the psychological moment, established and manufactures the "Made in America Doll." Mrs. Raleigh says she is "the only member of her family in business." She also originated the "Good Fairy."

WHEN I last met John McCutcheon, near Chateau Thierry last year, amid the war devastations on the Western front, he divided an apple he had in his sack with me and remarked: "Wait till we get home and have me tell you about my 'Treasure Island' paradise, where forbidden fruit never grows, and which seems like a dream of heaven when you look upon these scenes." We munched the apple together, while the chauffeur was changing the tire

—EDITOR



NOVEMBER

By

WINFIELD LIONEL SCOTT

SAD-EYED she moves across the barren land,
From out the somber cowl each whitened tress
Floats on the breeze, while in her hand
Her wreaths she holds in pitiful caress.

They were the blooms that made the earth so fair,
Where fallen leaves now lie a faded heap,
With ruined glories scattered everywhere,
O'er which dun-hued skies so sadly weep.

Yet with a stately grace she onward goes,
Folds 'round her shivering form her scarfs of mist:
Her trailing draperies edged with ermine snows,
Her naked feet have frozen stubbles kist.

So tenderly her pale lips wreath in smiles
When faintest sunshine falls athwart her way;
To woo its stay, employs her sweetest wiles,
She counts as treasure rare each passing day.

Fair Indian Summer's brief, yet glorious, reign,
Waking memories of joyous hours flown,
Comes with soft airs and wooing in her train,
Leaves her at last more desolate and lone.

She passes now with sadly-bowed head,
On icy boughs the winds their dirges play;
December comes with mighty blustering tread,
She calmly yields to him the right of way.

The Dethroned Austrian Emperor in Exile

Strange Fate of the House of Habsburg

Switzerland, Which Witnessed the Rising of the Star of That Once Powerful Dynasty, is Now the Haven of Refuge of its Remaining Members

By MARIE WIDMER



WITH their cradle, the ancient Habsburg, near Brugg in the canton of Aargau, still in existence, and with scores of pages of Swiss history recording the terrible struggle which the Swiss had in freeing themselves from the yoke of those rulers in the early Middle Age, the last member of the fallen dual monarchy has, nevertheless, humbled himself to ask Switzerland to grant him and his family and relations permission to reside within her borders.

As Charles' ascension to the throne only took place two and one-half years after the great war started, it is generally recognized that he was more of a fool of the unscrupulous leaders of the Central Empires than an actual offender, and in due consideration of this fact no serious difficulties were raised against his desire to reside in the Helvetic republic. After due consultation upon this question with the Allies, Switzerland declared herself prepared to admit the former rulers of Austria, and the fugitives arrived on the Swiss border on March 21, under British protection. A delegation of Swiss army officers awaited the party there and escorted them to the Castle of Wartegg in the canton of St. Gall.

THE CIRCLE COMPLETES ITSELF

After an eventful history stretching from the year 1020—when the Habsburg was founded—to those unforgettable days of the World War, fate has led the last descendants of the Imperial family of Austria back to Switzerland, the world's bravest champion of true democracy and liberty.

■ It was in the year 1291 when the Swiss Forest Cantons saw themselves obliged to form their first league for mutual safety, and the protection of their integrity against the House of

Habsburg, and it was in the year 1315, near Morgarten, in the canton of Zug, where the Confederates won their first brilliant victory over their Austrian oppressors commanded by Duke Leopold; and the subsequent attempts to subject this plucky people to the supremacy of the House of Habsburg were frustrated by the victories of the Swiss at Sempach, canton



View of the Castle of Wartegg near St. Gall, Switzerland, the new abode of ex-Emperor Charles of Austria. British Colonel Strutt, under whose protection Charles reached Switzerland, is seen in the foreground in conversation with one of Charles' trustees

of Lucerne, in 1386; at Nafels, canton of Glarus, in 1388, and at the Stoss (canton of Appenzell A. Rh.) in 1405.

From its humble beginning at the castle of Habsburg, in the Swiss canton of Aargau, nine hundred years ago, the successive heads of this most renowned of the world's ruling families spread their influence over Europe until at one time they dominated not only Austria and Hungary, but the Holy Roman Empire, the Burgundian possessions of Charles the Bold, including the Netherlands, Spain, and large parts of Italy. It accomplished the nearest approach to a European hegemony ever attained.

But France, threatened by this enormous power of a single house, began a long series of wars that convulsed Europe and finally reduced the domains of the Habsburgs to the dimensions they boasted at the outbreak of the present war.

THE HABSBURG

The cradle of the Habsburgs stands on the Wulpelsberg, above Brugg, and dates back to the year 1020. The tower, with walls eight feet thick, is the only part now standing which belonged to the original structure; in it the room said to have been occupied by Rudolph of Habsburg is still shown. The government of the canton of Aargau, who is the owner of the ancient stronghold, has had the same renovated recently with great care. The adjoining



British Colonel Strutt, who conducted the negotiations with the Swiss Government for the transportation of ex-Emperor Charles of Austria to Switzerland. This snapshot was taken in the garden of the Castle of Wartegg, near St. Gall, Switzerland, where Charles with his suite resides

dwelling house—where refreshments are sold—is rented to a farmer. It contains living and store rooms on the first floor and the so-called Knights' room on the second floor. The view from the Wulpelsberg embraces the entire dominions of the ancient counts of Habsburg, together with the beautiful valleys of the Aare, Reuss and Limmat and the High Alps from the Glarnisch to the Urirottock and from the Wetterhorn to the Wildhorn.

Having acquired such tremendous influence and riches within the comparatively short period of three centuries, the Habsburg family practically abandoned their rather unpretentious dwelling in the course of the thirteenth century. The front section of the castle was then turned over to the nobles of Wohlen, and the back section to the nobles of Habsburg-Wildegg, which latter, when in debt, sold their portion to their neighbors in 1371.

When the territory, now known as the Aargau, was conquered by the Bernese in 1415, the owners of the Habsburg, too, had to capitulate and adjust themselves to the stipulations set up by the victors. The castle changed hands twice afterwards, was bought by the Convent of Konigsfelden in the year 1469, and was finally turned over to the cantonal authorities of Aargau with the convent in 1804.



The ancient castle at Prangins, above the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland, once occupied by Josef Bonaparte and now the abode of ex-Emperor Charles of Austria and his suite

The Habsburg today is a favorite excursion point, especially for schools, and now that the remaining members of the former Imperial family of Austria have chosen Switzerland as their refuge, the ancient stronghold has become of renewed interest.

THE CASTLE OF WARTEGG FIRST SWISS RESIDENCE OF THE EXILED IMPERIAL FAMILY OF AUSTRIA

The chateau dates back to the year 1534, when it was built by Caspar Blarer, brother of the then powerful Diethelm Blarer, Abbot of St. Gall, and proprietor of a portion of the extensive domains of Wartensee, near Staad, on the Lake of Constance. After his death the castle changed hands a number of times until 1866, when it was purchased by the ex-Duke of Parma, Robert I, who had many alterations and additions made to the same in order to accommodate his large family of seventeen children. As the ex-empress Zita happens to be one of these descendants of the Duke of Parma, Charles of Austria has actually had the good fortune to reside in a family mansion at the beginning of his exile on Swiss soil.

However, he is said to have asserted that time hung very heavily on his hands on the shores of Lake Constance, and that Wartegg Castle was, moreover, really too small for him and his twenty-two attendants. He consequently looked about for another and perhaps larger residence, and recently

The victim of ex-Emperor Wilhelm—Charles of Austria, with his two trustees on the grounds of the Castle of Wartegg, near Staad, Switzerland, the new abode of the ex-emperor



rented for eight months a house that once was the residence of Prince Jerome Napoleon, Prangins:

PRANGINS, NEAR NOYON, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA

This is one of the finest estates in this part of Switzerland, and has many associations with fallen grandeur. It belonged to ex-King Joseph Bonaparte of Spain, who took up his residence there after leaving Bordentown, New Jersey. The next owner was his nephew, Prince Jerome Napoleon, son of King Jerome Bonaparte of Westphalia. He often sojourned at Prangins during the Second Empire, with his Italian wife, Princess Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emanuel II. Spending vast sums of money on the place, he transformed the same into an abode of rare beauty and luxury. Wonderful steam yachts were stationed in the harbor and above the mantelpiece in the principal dining room of the chateau there was, and still remains, in lieu of a mirror, an immense, sumptuously-framed single pane of glass, permitting an outlook on the silhouette of the Mont Blanc, rising in the distance directly opposite.

After the dethronement of Napoleon III in 1870, Prince Jerome Napoleon made Prangins his permanent residence until his death. Subsequent tenants of the great estate were the late Sir Charles Lucas and the late Baron Reuter, but the actual owner of this beautiful old chateau is Prince Louis Bonaparte, the younger and only brother of Prince Victor Napoleon, the Bonapartist Pretender.

Prince Louis has seen several years of service in the Russian army, which he finally left bearing the rank of General of Cavalry. At the beginning of the present war he offered

(Continued on page 408)

Three of the five children of the ex-imperial pair of Austria photographed in the garden of the Castle of Wartegg, near Staad, on the Lake of Constance, Switzerland



Most Enthralling Story of the Ages

"The Romance of Commerce"

American Business Genius, Who Has Built Up an Immense Commercial Institution in England, Traces Growth of Trade from Earliest Times



THOSE who knew H. Gordon Selfridge before he went to England, knew something of the practical visions of the man, but none dreamed that success would come so soon, outgrowing the bounds of mere shop and trade, and bringing to business its just and inherent right as a basic and ethical vocation. His handsomely-printed volume, with reproduced Rembrandt paintings of men eminent in the annals of commerce, reaching back to earliest times of bazaar and caravan, is an indispensable volume in every library. This book proves that merchandising is within the pale of the learned professions. All men except idlers are merchants—he proves it. The artist sells the work of his brush, and the writer sells his ideas, has made a trade and is a merchant; the teacher offers his knowledge of books and it becomes a business transaction; the statesman offers his knowledge of men and affairs for votes, and this, in time, becomes a transaction, an exchange of commodities.

The work is all-comprehensive, from the frontispiece of Sir Thomas Gresham, including Joseph Addison with his gorgeous wig, with the illustrations that include ideals of trade in the Orient and the Occident. All has an encyclopedic sweep, and makes a merchant, whatever his wares, feel the thrill of his vocation. The chapter on "Venice" and ancient Tyre furnishes information of incomparable historical value, while in the chapter on the dei Medici and the original bankers and the "Hanseatic League" lay a broad foundation in a study of the philosophy of business. Not only business, but industries and arts as well are included. George Gisze, merchant of the steelyard, was the genius whose portrait is preserved by Hans Holbein's brush, and indicates the interesting alliance between merchandising, manufacturing, and the arts.

The origin of fairs and their position in commerce is traced, harking back to the Nijni Novgorod in the fifteenth century, which awakens mem-

WHEN I picked up the volume entitled "The Romance of Commerce" (published by John Lane, London and New York), there was a thrill when I noted the name of the author, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, the cosmopolite American who was identified with the building up of the great house of Marshall Field, and now head of the great Selfridge institution in London

and Hull in early trading days of Philpot, Earl and Whittington, and William Canynge of Bristol.

The growth of trade from the seventeenth to the twentieth century is as fascinating as Stevenson's "Tale of Treasure Island." It throws a light on the fantastic in trade—recalling

the romance of the tulip craze. In the review of later English merchants, attention is riveted upon the story of that sturdy character, Sir Robert Peel, showing where trade came into its own—as an important factor in the development of democracy itself. The story of "The Hudson's Bay Company" and sketch of Lord Strathcona's life and adventures in the Northwest, we still remember, having seen in the flesh the patriarch associated with the development of the greater Canada. All this gives the work contemporaneous value. The detailed abstract of the development of Japanese trade, and description of organization of "Mitsui," with its partnership relations, reveal the development of the Oriental traders since Japan was opened to the markets of the world by Admiral Perry less than a century ago.

The difference between the Phoenician traders, fearless and indomitable, a thousand years before the Christian era, and those of today was simply the lack of combination of brain and muscle. They traded individually where now the world trades collectively—the world has become smaller. Mr. Selfridge's description of modern business and the organization of the twentieth century department store as a great distributing center, is a fitting climax for this most notable volume.

(Continued on page 419)



H. GORDON SELFTRIDGE, OF SELFTRIDGE & COMPANY, LTD., LONDON

"The Tempering Influence of Time" A Dream of Charles Dickens Come True

A Striking Example of the Change in the Public's Attitude Toward Those Unfortunates Who Fall Under the Ban of the Law

By O. BARGAMIN GRIMES

HOW the heart of Dickens, once saddened by his visit to the Eastern Penitentiary, would leap with joy if he could but return in reality to this modern institution located on the same site, but no longer regarded as "in the outskirts." It extends over three blocks, between Corinthian and Twenty-third streets, on Fairmount Avenue—right in the heart of a residential section—but two blocks north of Spring Garden, where a few of the old citizens, wealthy physicians and merchants, retain their property despite the invasion of several industrial enterprises on streets adjacent to Spring Garden.

You ring a bell by pressing a button outside the ponderous gates of Eastern Penitentiary. A small doorway, barely the average height of a man, swings back and you face a guard. If your business warrants it, you enter.

As the wicket, in those great, solid iron gates which open only to vehicles having need to enter the courtyard, falls back to its place, you might wonder—if you are red blood and muscle and human of heart—how it seems to the man who enters, even as you, to remain, not as you might, for a few moments or an hour, but for days and months and years—for the rest of his life!

How would you feel? Do you wonder? You would understand, if you had endured weeks and months, and oftentimes a year or two, of nerve-racking uncertainty of the courts—lawyers telling you this "looks bad" and that "looks good"; lawyers telling you this to "say" and that to "do"; people "for" you, people "against" you; hounded like a dog by your enemies; bolstered by the faith of your friends or loved ones.

You would understand—if you had endured all this—how the majority of men enter this gate, and how, when alone in their cells for the first time, they give way to an overwhelming desire for rest.

Utter weariness claims them. Gone are the days and nights of guessing. Gone is that nervous tension of hope against hope for the outcome of the trial. It's all over now. They're here. That's all there is to it. They're here. That's settled. No more guessing and planning and scheming. They have a definite understanding at last! A few years—or a lifetime. The one big thought is: "It's over now. Thank God!"

Of course the readjustment. Some men were used to less than prison life brings; they may have been on the outside, to speak in prison vernacular, "mud-gutters." Other men—and these are in great numbers—who were so busy trying to appear good that no one knew until their downfall just how bad they really were, may be used to more in the way of material comforts. But all are soon stripped of artificiality by various processes. Sometimes it comes about in this manner: A very wealthy prisoner was speaking to a former "mud-gutter", who was now his companion by the trick of Fate. Said the latter:

"Say, I'm sorry for you."

"Sorry? For me?" was the low, astounded reply. The almost-millionaire convict knew this man was "in" for life, while he, at least, had but "ten years," and youth to start with.

"Yes, I'm sorry," his friend explained, "because you was used to something. You was one o' them big bugs and knowed

what it is to come down in the world, while us fellers ain't never knowed nothing much better no way!"

That night, alone with his thoughts, the "big bug" thought these things over. He had heard sermons; had known a good woman's love. He remembered his prayers back in childhood days. But this was the trumpet that called his soul to life.

"I'm sorry for you." Sympathy from a man—from his fellow-being who, on the outside, he would never have stooped to notice. Yet sympathy from this man whose spirit was not embittered by even the fact of a life's long sentence within high walls beyond which the world moved on in its activities of business and pleasures, and would never, never again be his to anticipate!

Yes—it must be true. All men are created equal—but they do not know until the great test comes. Before dawn he was re-created. Like many others of the imprisoned fifteen hundred and twenty-four, these two men went henceforth about their daily tasks—men. No longer were they master and servant, so determined by

social status or weighed by wealth; but just because of their resemblance to one another in the image of God—men!

It is this spirit of comradeship which prevails in the "Honor and Friendship" Club which prison members support by means of creating for sale wonderful beaded purses, humidors of inlaid woods, pincushions, watch-fobs, and even beaded rings with initials interwoven in beads; some bore designs, one—the American flag! Such intricate work could only be produced by a mind devoid of all shams, a mind keenly concentrative. In another section of the Club's exhibit case are long-handled mirrors—a feminine delight—the oval frames finely inlaid; these are sold for but a dollar and a half; exquisite jewelry cases, velvet-lined and mirrored top inside, perfectly inlaid in several designs around the sides and on the lid; nail brushes, hair brushes, little shoe pin-cushions, made of real leather; beaded necklaces, and many other oddly fashioned trinkets.

One prisoner sold his beaded bag, which was made by special order, just recently, for two hundred dollars. There are also cigar stands, beautifully polished and inlaid, which carry all the smoker's accessories.

Somehow, there is a dumbly pathetic appeal to the visitor that these things make from their glass shelves in the cabinet.

The money received from such articles is used by the Honor and Friendship Club for many a good purpose: To mention two benefits: Where a dead comrade has no relative to claim his body for burial, the Honor and Friendship Club defrays all funeral expenses and furnishes a lot for a certain number of its members. When this is filled other lots are purchased; and those buried by the Club can be identified by their sections, so that any relative or friend inquiring at the penitentiary some later day can be shown the grave of the prisoner.

Another help from this money is derived by a man out on parole, who, by some misfortune, fails in his struggle to "come back" again on the outside. It may be that he is taken ill, or that an accident befalls him. Whatever his fate—if his intentions are honest—his case having been investigated, he receives money to tide him over the rough seas.

Charles Dickens wrote in "American Notes" of the Eastern Penitentiary (in the chapter "Philadelphia and Its Solitary Prison"): "In the outskirts stands a great prison called the Eastern Penitentiary, conducted on a plan peculiar to Pennsylvania. The system here is rigid and strict—hopeless solitary confinement. . . . Over the head of every prisoner who comes into this melancholy house a black hood is drawn; and in this dark shroud, an emblem of the curtain dropped between him and the living world, he is led to his cell, from which he never again comes forth until his whole term of imprisonment has expired. He never hears of his wife or children, home or friends, the life or death of any single creature."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY

So, day by day, men grow a little nearer one another because they must walk the way of life together—down the same white-washed corridors, to the same work tables; out each day together to the courtyard for exercise; in to meals at their individual cells, where poet and peasant must eat alike.

So thru the day and until nightfall they lean to one another for sympathy, for companionship, for pleasures.

They live in a little village of their own making. They have their banking system. They have their schools from the first to the eighth grade, their stores, their workshops, their library; and every day, at one-thirty, they have their band, composed of amateur players, who are studying music in earnest and who can play anything, from grand opera to jazz. There is also a string orchestra school.

In their banking system they carry what is known as the War Chest Fund. Thousands of dollars were subscribed by the prisoners to the loans which were offered in behalf of your liberty and mine.

There are engineering schools within these grey walls. Not only are the students those expecting some day to return to a life of usefulness, but many are "life-timers," who enjoy study of some kind to sharpen the mind and keep the long day filled with interest.

There are also professional instructors in agricultural courses. This department has created many "personal" gardens about the place. Some are in the courtyard and each scientific farmer has his own section to work. There are unique little gardens on the roof of one "block" at the rear of the second-story cells. These miniature "farms" are carefully attended and prove a great source of enjoyment to the prison farmer. He raises radishes, salads, beans, lettuce, and other small-size vegetables. One's eyes resting a moment upon the quiet, peaceful surroundings of the courtyard, in which section these gardens thrive, and hearing the continuous bubble of the courtyard fountain, may feel inclined to quote from the poet of long ago, whose very inspiration for such lines may have come from just such a prison scene:

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude, singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of Thee!

For, indeed, there is a fluffy little canary singing away in his white-barred cage just over the doorway leading into one of the "blocks"—and he sings as if his heart would break!

However prison life may be, a certain amount of its methods

are plainly evident to even the casual observer. That the Eastern Penitentiary reflects a bright, clean atmosphere, one abounding in hopefulness and helpfulness, must derive its credit from Warden "Bob" McKenty.

It has been the writer's displeasure to visit prisons of far less dignity than this one. There are prisons in other and southern states where cells are low and damp and darkened, while these of the Eastern Penitentiary run, for the most of them, down long corridors, whitewashed and sunlit by long, narrow windows. From the center of the big prison chamber, where the offices of the warden and his assistants are, these long corridors, known as "blocks," stretch forth like arteries from the very heart of the institution.

The only part of the whole prison with second stories are to the left of the main office, and run into tiers in each of the four "blocks," extending far into the yard. This is the old section. The only changes made here have been in the cramped "private" yards formerly allowed each prisoner on the "ground" floor. They have been modernly constructed into workshops for the men. And their exercise is now given them in the open, *ensemble*.

Mr. Robert McKenty's hazel eyes look down thru the lower sections of his glasses as he tilts his head backward to tell you about the great work being carried on within this prison, and they keep looking straight into your own eyes all the time he is talking, too.

They look, they search, and they serve at one and the same time. You will want to know what a certain man may be doing to distinguish himself in there. Or if such a thing is happening.

"No," replies Mr. McKenty. "As soon as one man finds out how to do something unusual, he tells someone else, and then another and another. Pretty soon they are all doing it, and it has become 'nothing unusual.'"

There's such a spirit of "help one another" here. They have their movies, on certain days; they have their own paper, the *Umpire*, and in this reports of interest to the prisoner are made, and accounts of the various entertainments. Sometimes during the winter they have vaudeville, shows coming from many of the city's theaters to entertain them. Then the boys amuse themselves at odd times painting and making picture frames, some with really meritorious articles. There was one man here who had come from the House of Refuge. He was not particularly well educated, but his story-writing ideas were splendid. One day he sent for a reporter from one

of the local newspapers and gave him an article to sell for him. The merit of this brought its own reward, for soon he was selling his writings and getting good money. He was paroled—went out West somewhere. We used to hear from him frequently, but lately we have had no word of him. He got his work up in pamphlet form and sold it to quite an advantage when he got out. There are some pretty fair painters in here, too.

The cells he showed had been painted from ceiling to floor by some interested "dabbler," and really was a work of interest. One had been painted to represent wood-panelling half-way, with the remainder of the walls and ceiling in landscape and sky.

Another had a fireplace painted so perfectly that one is easily deceived into believing that the hearth and tiling are real. Above is a large picture whose frame of brown looks as tho it were wood, instead of merely painted to represent the real thing. The picture, some woodland scene, is really a work of great credit to an amateur. He has, also, several paintings in real frames hung about the cell for sale.

His friend, in the cell opposite his own, is a cabinet worker. He makes many of the frames for this prison painter. They teach one another, the warden says. They tire of knowledge of their own arts and seek new trades for fresh interests from their companions.

The women (and there are but scarcely over thirty-five) sew and embroider exquisite lingerie for sale.

"I remember," began the warden reminiscently. "I went, not so long ago, to attend a supper—Alumni supper—of a certain college, and as all these college professors spoke from time to time of their 'dear old Alma Mater,' and of this and that of 'Alma Mater,' I sat silent, brooding. I had been invited to make a speech that night. Said I to myself: 'Here, by Christopher Columbus, I've got to make this here blamed speech. And now what am I going to talk about? What's my 'Alma Mater'?"

"Finally I arose and said: 'Gentlemen, I haven't any 'Alma Mater' like you; I have only the wide world for mine. I started out a little ragged urchin of twelve to make my living as a bottler. I worked for a place which served sailor's saloons

and houses of ill repute—I was what they called the "spiggot." I ran in from the wagon to collect the empty bottles. And I remember right now how careful they were in these sordid places not to appear ill clad before me. How quiet everything became when I entered, and how precautions the owner was that I should see no evil. I remember many a bartender telling me I must let drink alone and must not swear. I remember a helping hand, even in the slums! I did not realize it then, but I was being schooled for things I would tackle later in life. I stayed with this bottling company until I was twenty-one years old. I went in the police department as "No. 11—Sub." I went into its various departments in different positions, and for a while was a detective. I was appointed guard for President McKinley every time he came to Philadelphia. I was close to the man—I mean the real man of him. He was just as gentle and human as you or I. No pretense, no snobishness. I began to know men and to love to know men. I was in office at the Pennsylvania House of Correction. I came back here for Public Safety Department; and all the while God must have sent me from one class to another in this old wide world knowing what work He had cut out for me to do. You see, all my life has been centered around the study of mankind, and conditions which promote men or deter them. This is all the college education I have had, gentlemen. Life's experiences for my teachers."

And presently, when the warden came back to his surroundings and realized his audience was one—not many, as around the banquet table—he said: "There you are. He's my book," nodding toward a prisoner lifting a rug at the far end of the room to clean the floor. "Not a chap around the place takes any more interest in life than he does, nor is so particular over how a thing is done; and yet—he's in here for good." He fell silent, and for the first time looked away.

After a bit he spoke again, with great feeling:

"I tell you, I would not give one iota of my experiences all thru life for the *whole combined force* of knowledge these college professors had!" And so the poet, too, felt the value of such knowledge who so long ago wrote:

Sermons in stones,
And books in running brooks.

Strange Fate of the House of Habsburg

Continued from page 404

his sword to France; the French, however, declined his offer, and being the cousin of Victor Emanuel III, he then spent most of his time as a spectator at the Italian front.

Prangins has not seen much of Prince Louis, as his funds are said to be rather insufficient for the keeping up of this extensive residence. A tenant of means, such as ex-Emperor Charles of Austria is—in spite of prevailing circumstances—described to be, must consequently have proven welcome.

The ex-imperial family of Austria, accompanied by several Austrian archdukes, a numerous suite and a mountain of baggage, arrived at Prangins on May 21. While the Swiss people are not displaying any extraordinary interest for the doings of these exiles, whom destiny has willed to expiate the sins of their ancestors in the very country which was the first sufferer from

Castle of Habsburg in Switzerland, the cradle of the Austrian ruling house



their heartless autocracy, many are nevertheless wondering which part of Switzerland will finally become the permanent abode of the last descendants of the House of Habsburg.

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world

HANDSOME is as handsome does" is a very old quotation, but England was a-tingle with excitement during the progress of a recent beauty contest. It was won by Gladys Cooper. She is an actress and has the distinction of having over four million picture post-cards of her likeness printed and sold. Women judges have pronounced her the most beautiful woman in England, and they ought to know. She is not only beautiful, but seems to possess the tact and common sense that makes her a favorite wherever she goes. Her popularity was indicated in the reception she received upon her arrival in this country. As the daughter-in-law of Lord Buckmaster, former Lord Chancellor of England, with a little daughter, Joan, who shares her mother's personal charms, she was showered with social attentions. Miss Cooper is a rare type of beauty—fair hair, blue eyes and peaches and cream complexion. She knows how to dress well and tastefully, but it is the blend of her impressive face and figure, with her personal charms so complementing each other that one is puzzled in analyzing the one thing that establishes her attractiveness. Her gowns are used as models by dressmakers and modistes. Perhaps this is the last and supreme test in these days of feministic triumphs.

* * *

ECHOES of Build-Your-Home campaign have been felt in Washington. Legislation is under way to meet conditions that will enable the people to follow the impulse to build in these days. Mr. J. J. Martin, president of the Exchange Trust Company of Boston, has sounded the ringing slogan on this question when he insisted that "now is the time to be an American and not a carpet-bagger." He insisted that "now is the time to produce and save money and build your home; for these days of prosperity cannot continue for always, and production is the rule of these high cost days, so every man must bend his energies toward producing even if only a little more than his share." These are the words of a man who is essentially a

constructionist. The Exchange Trust Company reveals the result of his building capacity. His observation in dealing with people of moderate income have convinced him that every man or woman who works for a living should save money and invest it in a home to fortify against periods of depression, which are surely coming. He insists that when a complaint is made, that the employee is getting large wages, not to forget that the employer is getting larger returns. Now the question is, "Who is going to make the most and the best of the opportunity? It is the man who saves! The most hopeful sign of the times he sees is that the reconstruction and re-adjustment period is practically over. Profiteering is not alone to be confined to

men of wealth, for every man who does not help to boost production and work hard and ardently while there is work to do is a profiteer and slacker. He feels that persistent production will bring down the cost of living to the proper ratio of wages. If fifteen minutes a day are wasted unnecessarily, and ten million people do the same, it means three hundred thousand years of productive labor is lost forever.

Active in public enterprises and with enterprise unflagging and unfailing, Mr. Martin's clear-headed views has attracted for him a constituency almost as well defined as that of a Congressman.

* * *

DOWN in Philadelphia has been born an enterprise which promises to play a really big part in solving the problems of "reconstruction," that age-old process which, like the poor, is always with us. A corporation has there been formed, after several years of preliminary effort, to establish a nation-wide chain of popularly-owned daily newspapers, at strategic centers. The parent concern is known as the American Newspaper Corporation, and its president is Robert D. Towne.

Mr. Towne is a man of wide experience in publishing and editing journals of national circulation and metropolitan dailies in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The plan itself is well-tried, having been successfully used by Mr. Towne in



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MISS GLADYS COOPER

Queen of England's stage beauties, now visiting the United States

his daily papers in recent years. During the past two or three years Mr. Towne has conducted a nation-wide canvass of the liberals of the country to determine in advance the degree of financial support which he might count upon. The response was so emphatic as to leave no doubt of the demand and prospective support for the enterprise, and during the past spring



JOHN W. PRITCHARD

Who in "Soldiers of the Church," has preserved the graphic story of the war service of the Reformed Presbyterians

a corporation was formed to carry the plan into effect. Back of the enterprise are a number of the active liberals of the country, and the corporation itself is making rapid growth.

The plan is based on the principle that newspapers to be truly democratic must be democratically owned, and that a wide stock-distribution in each locality where one of the chain of newspapers is established will insure freedom for the expression of editorial opinion and discussion of the vital problems of the day such as no close-owned newspaper can be sure of possessing.

The progress of this new child of democracy will be watched with interest by thoughtful students of popular government.

* * * *

THERE is an appealing interest in the record which Mr. John W. Pritchard has preserved in "Soldiers of the Church." It is a graphic story of the war service of Reformed Presbyterians (Covenanters) of North America, Canada, and the British Isles. It is written from the viewpoint of a Churchman and has the stirring militant atmosphere of the days of the Crusaders. A brief history of the World War is included, which is most colloquially told and gives an interesting angle of personal impressions. A record of the participation of the Covenanter's Church in previous American wars is also given, explaining the attitude of the Church toward United States

in service and military government. A complete roster of the American Covenanters is included, together with a most tender and eloquent tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice. A review of the work of the Covenanters at home—the three ambulances they furnished and the generous contributions made, is a most inspiring evidence of the patriotic spirit of the organization and indicates how they kept "the home-fires burning." The suffering and heroism of the missionaries during the war and details of the work of the Irish and Scotch Synods are a valuable chronicle for future reference. In his comments on the Victory Thanksgiving Fund, Mr. Pritchard describes most vividly, as if in a personal soliloquy, the early days of the war as viewed from his office window in New York City. There is a brotherly style in "Soldiers of the Church" which suggests gathering around the hearthstone and hearing the story of the training of kith and kin for war and for peace that generations in future time will cherish as a valued heritage of their church history.

* * * *

SHE is her father's son. She had to be, for girls are not popular in China, and Lily Young's grandfather continually lamented his son's ill fortune in having but one child—and that a girl! "Mother and father like me, and they don't mind, but grandfather—" says Miss Young, with an expressive gesture.

So she was educated as a boy. And when she could go no further in the schools in China—she was only in her earliest teens—she came to America to go to school.

That was six years ago, and in June she graduated at the University of New York, with a B. S. degree. She took the complete Corporation School course, with advertising, marketing and accounting added. She had twenty class hours a week, four more than are usually allowed, yet she found time to run a business as well.

In October, 1917, with a friend from China, a Columbia graduate, and with an American graduate of Oxford University, she started a very modest dye factory in lower New York. So successful was the venture that it was incorporated a few months later. Then for the first time did Miss Young tell her father of her success as a business man. He was so delighted that he at once cabled her additional capital. Thus encouraged by the added capital, the business enlarged its equipment, and now is running night and day in a frantic effort to keep up with its orders.

"I must learn all I can about factory management, you know, for when I go back to China I mean to start dye factories there," explains Miss Young, adding, "But as long as I am in America, I am very anxious to study, too, of course."

For Lily Young is a born student as well as a born business woman. And, with it all, she is charmingly feminine, a little, slender bit of a girl who loves frippery, and wears it most becomingly. But her great aim in life is to be a real son to her parents, and to prove to China that girls are worth while after all.



MISS LILY YOUNG
Chinese graduate of the University of New York, and a first-rate business woman

ONE of my friends was coming from the Patent Office with a far-away look on his face. "Just filed my papers," he said. Let me tell you the story of an invention:

The library table stood all alone in the room, now quite deserted of the family and guests who had formed a happy group about it earlier in the evening. The lights had all been turned out, and naught but the ticking of the old clock on the stairs broke the stillness.

"I am very tired," sighed the table, "it's hard to be left standing here alone when everybody has gone to bed. I wish I could go to bed, too."

"Why don't you?" ticked the clock.

"What—a table go to bed? Whoever heard of such a thing?" said the table, holding its sides with laughter.

"It's not so strange as you may think," ticked the clock, "what you want is a little ingenuity."

"Ingenuity? I never heard of him. Who is he?"

"The spirit of progress and invention. If you want to go to bed, he will find a way."

"Incredible," said the table, "but I'll take a chance. Call him!"

The old clock rang its chimes, and the Spirit of Ingenuity appeared.

"At your service," he said, with a courtly bow.

"The table wants to go to bed," said the clock, solemnly.

"Yes, I want to go to bed," echoed the table.

"And so you shall," responded the Spirit of Ingenuity. With



MISS CHIARA DE BONA

A great social favorite of the Lone Star State



MISS CHIARA DE BONA

By popular choice the most beautiful girl in Texas

a wave of his wand, he called his workers about him. "Take out the table drawer," he directed, "build a skeleton bed and springs of steel that can be opened at night and folded back into the drawer space during the day. Heretofore, I've had to work my ingenuity on davenports and bureaus. The table idea is much better." It was no sooner said than done.

The table was surprised!

"But I don't look any different than I did before!"

"True, and you have added immeasurably to your usefulness for now you can go to bed."

"How can I ever thank you?" said the table, gratefully.

"You won't need to," said the Spirit of Ingenuity. "It's the housewife and the homemaker who will thank me—for it is they that I serve."

And with a graceful bow he disappeared.

* * * *

MISS Chiara de Bona of Eagle Pass, Texas, is by popular choice the most beautiful girl in the Lone Star State, where she is a great social favorite. Miss de Bona is an accomplished musician and linguist, and has enjoyed the best educational advantages in this country and abroad. Her preliminary training was at St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, and at Bristol School, Washington, D. C. She is an expert rider and a lover of outdoor sports. Miss de Bona's family has been frequently entertained by President Caranza and the late President Madero.

Miss Chiara de Bona, like her sister, is a great social favorite from the Rio Grande to the north Texas line. Also like her

sister, Miss de Bona is a musician of ability, as well as linguist. They acquired this latter talent naturally, for their mother, Mrs. R. C. de Bona, is a distinguished linguist and a woman of marked culture. Thoroughly interested in her two daughters, Mrs. de Bona has given them every advantage, combined with



MISS EDITH SAMPSON OF DENVER
Who has invaded the New York advertising field as a free lance

extensive travel and residence in Europe and Mexico. The de Bona sisters are rare contrasts, Miss Chiara being a distinct brunette with classic features, while Miss Bitia is a blonde.

The de Bona girls are the daughters of the late R. C. de Bona, well-known capitalist of Eagle Pass, with extensive interests both in Texas and Mexico. Mr. de Bona was one of the most influential Americans on the Mexican border, and his advice was frequently sought by the United States as well as the Mexican government. At his death the responsibility of continuing his various financial enterprises devolved upon Mrs. de Bona and her two sons, who are now in active charge of the de Bona interests.

* * *

MISS Edith Sampson of Denver is one of the first women writers and advertising experts to invade New York as a free-lance. She has been eminently successful in Denver, where she was the advertising manager of the city's largest department store. She is the author of a widely used textbook on advertising, and has conducted a course in advertising at Denver University. Miss Sampson's ability, originality and versatility, combined with her charm and personality will doubtless score a big success in New York.

* * *

IT was my privilege to fancy that I was making an expert "screen examination" of the new five-reel moving picture entitled "Bringing Up Betty," as an unofficial censor. In New York I met President Ricord Gradwell whom I knew

when he was making the world-known Oliver typewriters. Now he is the executive head of the World Film Company. He had a new "five-reel" ready—and I was ready to fish for anything. When we entered the projection room with all its fascinating shadows and took a big easy chair, I felt like an official censor. The author, Mr. Sarver, was there, but even he was forgotten.

The opening scene riveted attention, with a yacht landing like a gull, with a pretty girl in it. Freedom and swing of "outdoors" dominated as atmospheric setting. The pretty girl, called "Betty," just grows in the spectral shadows. The story thrills from the start and is threaded with romance touching various phases of the whirling American life from a real yacht race, a flash of the stock market, to a garden party where youth and beauty are in gayest mood, with the slender shadow of a villain in a plot, who does not turn out so badly after all—when the size of the check received on his wedding day is revealed.

To look upon this picture, seated by the side of the author, was a rare privilege. Sarver was still betting on his own yacht race, as I offered my congratulations to him in the darkened room. It seemed more impressive than presenting bouquets and calling him before glaring footlights.

While watching the screen, I could fancy the millions that would later enjoy this picture as I did, entering with zest into the spirit of the story with the author. Clean, wholesome entertainment is what the people are demanding as a relief from the slap-stick nickelodeon plays. The announcement of "Bringing Up Betty" will now interest me wherever I see the play scheduled, because I have felt the thrills of a delighted censor. It is one screen play I desire to see again. The production is a natural headliner in picture and captions. People



CHARLES SARVER
Author of "Bringing Up Betty"

have educated themselves to read the newspapers thru the "banner heads" and seek all their information in the magazine captions, but this moving picture tells the whole story to the eye as the screen flashes the events in swift succession. The yacht club scene was taken at Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Connecticut. Miss Greeley (Betty) presented a silver trophy to the club which was to be awarded the winner of a boat race in appreciation of their generous co-operation in helping to make a picture that has added notably to clean film production.

Not for one wee second does the interest lag from the time Betty is given flowers by three admirers who ask her to wear them at the garden fete. Like a real American girl, she wears the flowers of all three and falls in love with the man who didn't send any. It possesses the charm of romance that never grows old. Betty is saved from the wiles of duke and lord and the other star heiress hunter, Carl Gates, whose marriage contract is shaken out by stock market maneuvers managed by a shrewd uncle. Uncle is a kindly soul, who understands how to handle Betty. The play will be enjoyed by the mothers and daughters, and by the fellows, young and old, and especially by the children. This includes the whole family. It is an all-around, rich-blooded romance.

The scene inside the yacht was realistic. It made me feel seasick. Betty, the young society heiress, falls from the yacht and is rescued by the hero, Tom Waring, about to win a race on the last leg of the course. You may think you know what is coming, but there is invariably a different turn. When Betty is rescued by the sturdy commander, the *Victory* is well in the lead. When the hero rescues the heroine, the other boats have shot ahead. Betty as a real sport urges her gallant rescuer to go on with the race. The rule requires that only two persons are allowed on each boat, so the hero's mate graciously jumps overboard and the race finishes with the two drenched lovers aboard. Then the romance really begins. "The *Victory* needs a mate." It all works out well, for the *Victory* wins the race. After several thrilling episodes in pretty love-making entanglements, Tom Waring wins over his rival. In the happy ending the young lovers sail away in the sheen of witching moonlight on to the harbor of happiness, where the minister provides the mate, and everybody is happy. What more could be desired?

* * * *

THE history of modern newspapers is not complete without a record of the activities of General Charles H. Taylor, the real founder and editor-in-chief of the *Boston Globe*. Beginning life as a printer's boy at the age of twelve years, he has devoted three score years to the newspaper activities, and has been at the head of a leading newspaper longer than any other editor in the country. Forty-six years ago the *Boston Globe* passed into his management. He was then a youth of twenty-seven and full of ideas. It was a moribund paper, but the young man had visions. He soon impressed himself upon his readers as a leader. He made a newspaper which has been called an expression of the temperament and character of General Taylor. The tribute paid to him on the forty-third anniversary of his editorial work in the *Globe* revealed that he was the first newspaper editor to recognize that women and children read papers. The old newspaper was printed chiefly for men to read, and General Taylor certainly carried the front door key to success in his recognition of what women and children appreciate in a newspaper. His experiences as publisher of *American Home*, the first ten-cent magazine ever published in the United States, served him well in understanding what people want to read. The Boston fire swept away all his hopes as a magazine publisher, but it did not sweep aside the idea. General Taylor was the first editor to print fiction in serial form, and establish a Household Department in a daily newspaper. The "Uncle Dudley" editorials, which are a composite contribution from members on the staff, represents varied views on all the subjects, teeming with information.

It is not the *Globe* known to the reading public that is most interesting. It is the organization that so admirably reflects the character of an admirable man. General Taylor's staff of workers have always been his family, and he secured his best men by "raising them"—to use the words of P. D. Armour. Many a lad who has responded to the call of "boy" in the office has found his way up to a staff department position. A few simple rules General Taylor adopted years ago have become a generally established practice in newspaper work. He never needlessly wounded the feelings of any one, and even cartoonists draw a caricature of a public man his wife can laugh at.

General Taylor's editorship links a glorious past to a wonderful present. With Henry Watterson he is the only survivor of

the brilliant group of editors whose character and personality have meant so much in American leadership. As a soldier in the Civil War, secretary to Governor Claflin, and a member of the Legislature, General Taylor had his training in public work early in life. As a speaker and toastmaster none excel him in wit and jovial satire. As the Grand Old Man in active newspaper work in America today, General Taylor responds to every call to duty and wields personal influence that grows with the years of his unselfish and devoted service to the public.



Photo by P. Coule U'Renn

PAUL FUNG

Chinese cartoonist, and his wife and baby. Mrs. Fung is of Chinese parentage, too, but was born in the United States

MOST of the newspaper readers of the United States are familiar with the work of Paul Fung, who is said to be the only Chinese cartoonist working on an American newspaper. But few—very few—people know that he is married and has a little daughter who was born in June of this year.

Fung is twenty-two years old. He is the son of the Reverend Fung Chack, Baptist minister and a graduate of Leland Stanford University. Paul was born in the United States. When he was five years old, his father took him to China, where he attended school for six years. His father hoped to make a minister of him, a sort of Chinese Billy Sunday. But Paul had already become interested in another line of endeavor. As he strolled about the streets of Canton, the boy sketched with pad and pencil the quaint characters and scenes of the Orient, and showed so much skill in his drawings that his father, finally despairing of making a minister of him, brought him back to America.

Fung went thru the grade schools of Seattle and the Lincoln high school. While he was still in high school his clever sketches came to the notice of the managers of a string of vaudeville houses on the Pacific Coast. He was signed up for a chalk talk behind the footlights, and made one tour of



LEO LENTELLI OF NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO
Well-known American sculptor

the vaudeville circuit, then turned down a longer contract to go back to school.

When Fung finished high school, he tucked a folio of his sketches under his arm and tackled a newspaper office. He sat for two hours on a hard bench in front of the managing editor's sanctum before he was noticed and invited in for an interview. Given an opening, Fung, who had his recitation all framed up in advance and rehearsed many times, delivered it. He was given a chance to show his talent and made good. He still works for that newspaper.

Fung has developed into a clever caricaturist. One of his best drawings he believes to be the war poster, "The Sweetheart of the Allies," which showed a Salvation Army lassie serving doughnuts to the men in the trenches. This picture was copied all over the world.

Fung has many friends and thousands of admirers. He has a real sense of humor and possesses the American point of view. "What do you like to draw best of all?" he was asked.

Fung's gaze unconsciously went to a picture of his wife and baby which rests in a frame on the back of his desk.

"Nowdays," he replied with a smile, "I like best to draw a paycheck."

* * * *

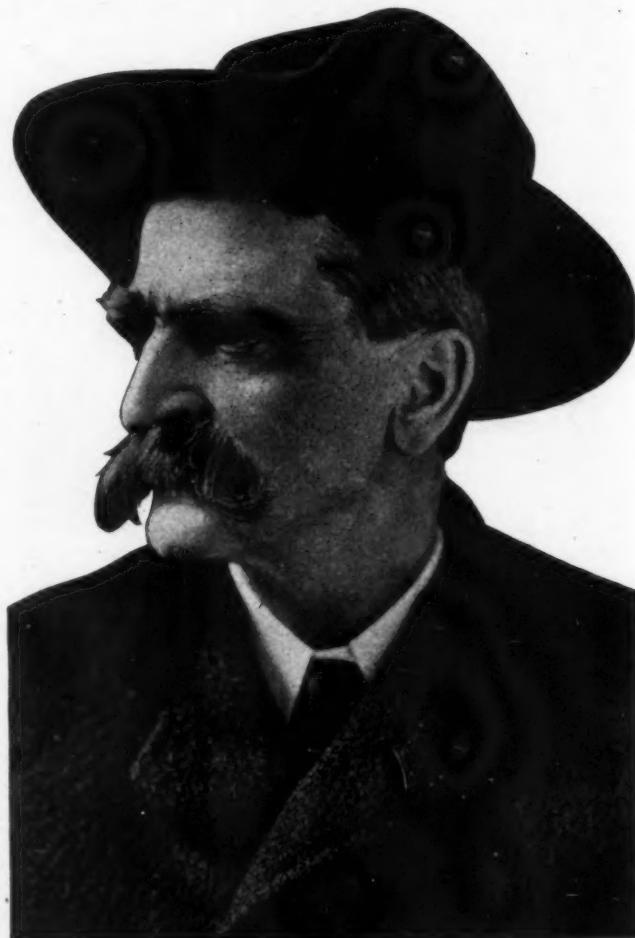
TO Leo Lentelli of New York and San Francisco belongs the distinction of being numbered among the first of American sculptors, his work at San Francisco, "The Nations of the West," in New York, and recently in Denver, causing his name to be mentioned with those of St. Gaudens, Mead, Warner and Hartley.

Lentelli, who is a native of Bologna, came to America just before the St. Louis Exposition. He came direct from Rome, where he had attracted the attention of the best European critics and art patrons; and his reputation has grown with the years since he has been in America. Nothing he has done in this country has attracted more attention than his work on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. His commission was to make the angels for the reredos of the famous edifice. Many other examples of his work as shown here adorn libraries, museums and parks in various cities. He recently completed some notable examples for the city of Denver.

OUTSPOKEN, fearless, self-reliant, and yet withal displaying a genuine love for his fellowmen, such a character was the late Captain Seth Bullock of Deadwood, South Dakota. Captain Bullock was that type of American which one visualizes with the sturdy pioneers who tracked the wilderness of the Great Plains and who builded so well in the West in the early days of the last century, and indeed, Captain Bullock was one who carried on to splendid achievement the work of his forebears, for he always was ready to champion the right and was a staunch defender of law and order in his community even in the "wild and woolly west."

He was an ardent admirer and a close friend of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, and saw varied service with the Colonel during the Spanish-American War. When the former president was seeking recruits for his cavalry troop, whose name as Rough Riders is well known thru history, Seth Bullock rendered him considerable assistance. The late Captain was a handsome westerner—handsome in a rugged sense—with wonderful flashing dark eyes which seemed to pierce to the innermost depths of a man, and which gave one the impression at times of gazing into the muzzle of his old twin Colts. Captain Bullock was very fond of meeting new acquaintances, and took great delight in studying human nature. One of the things for which he will be best remembered was his faculty for finding good in everybody. He affected the broad-brimmed, black felt hat of the storybook westerner, and true to class was passionately fond of horses, of which he had several fine specimens.

He was one of the originators of the movement for the erection of the Roosevelt Monument which was recently dedicated by Major-General Leonard R. Wood. Practically the whole of Captain Bullock's last months, up to the time of his illness, were spent in the furtherance of this project for the commemoration of his tried friend. Captain Bullock had been for a number of years a subscriber to and ardent admirer of the "NATIONAL MAGAZINE" and a personal friend of its editor.



THE LATE CAPTAIN SETH BULLOCK OF DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA
Old time scout and typical western sheriff



THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1919, LA PORTE CITY HIGH SCHOOL
 Their motto is "We'll Stick to the Finish"

WE are naturally inclined to think our own babies the sweetest tots of humanity; that our mothers are the best ever; the old school, with its glow of childhood memories, remains the one seat of real learning. When I graduated from High School, I just felt the thrill of an alumni. Did I not represent a product in all the perfection of sixteen? While there was a new school building, modern conveniences and apparatus, alluring new faces year after year, new teachers, were the students getting quite as much out of that old high school as the class that graduated with such high hopes many years ago?

Now comes the jolt—all the bright boys and girls were not in school when you and I were young, Johnnie! In glorious 1919 the senior class of the La Porte City High School published their annual, called *All-Spice*, and indeed it was the spiciest and brightest book of its kind published by any high school in the United States—and I bar none. Now you see my enthusiasm is arising! When the young editor, Joseph A. McGahegan, wrote me for a contribution, I said, "Well, this will be the usual school annual." But I could not resist indulging in memories, and I wrote with the same expedition with which the old school essay was scrawled. As a contributor and one of the alumni, an advance copy was mailed to me! Imagine the tingling delight when I looked over this masterpiece of high school biography and realized that the world was still moving forward. It was not only handsomely printed, handsomely engraved, but was edited with an ability that would make the sedate editors of *Century* and *Harper's* look over their spectacles—to say nothing of the NATIONAL. It was a reflection of the keen and alert young minds of today. There were portraits of the members of the various classes, and cartoons that sparkled with wit. The sombre-browed senior, the jaded junior, the sad-eyed sophomore, the freshman represented as a babe with his first tooth, and the decrepit alumni were all swept with the picture. The faculty was not overlooked in cartoon or comments. "The Class of 1919" were represented sailing along over the "stormy seas of life" in an airship, oblivious of the old boats previously landed. The usual class poem and class prophecy appeared, which I read over and over again, with memories of another class prophecy of years ago, which a familiar landscape, or riverscape illuminated a witching spot where canoes glided in and out of the shadows in the old days.

The roster of graduates was like a family album. There was the record of father and mother, son and daughter—sh' was this a grandson of "Wildy"? Every page had the dash of 1919 "go" in it. No college annual, in my judgment, included more cleverness or sparkle. Among the alumni was the name of the Indian commissioner, Cato Sells, who added a page of contribution concerning the "Education of the Indian" for the heavy artillery literary matter. The honor roll contained the names of the boys in the service, and the golden stars which reflected the patriotic spirit inspired by the teachers when the Pledge of Allegiance was repeated.

After I had read and re-read the interesting pages, I found mention of the "true friend and comrade" who aided in preparing the annual. It was none other than one of the teachers who was a pupil, graduating in the class that I had the honor of addressing in 1913. The climax of all was to find the class motto, not in classic Greek or Latin, but the title of a book that I had written—"We'll Stick to the Finish," was adopted. Now the secret is out! Perhaps you will understand my personal enthusiasm in this class. Their school colors were also my favorite—the red and white. The flower was my favorite—the sweet pea. Altogether the class of 1919 comes very close to my heart—my boys and girls. When I pass out copies of their book and begin talking about the class of 1919 of my high school, perhaps they think—perhaps his family bump has been touched. Perhaps—but it has brought a realization that the boys and girls in high schools over the country of today are actually doing things better than was done in the old days. This book of the La Porte City (Iowa) High School Class of 1919, was impressive evidence to me, of the progress of education. It struck right home; for here was the concrete result of what the youth of America in the high schools today are capable of doing in pushing on to do the bigger and greater things of tomorrow. Thru the perspective of years and in the glow of memories comes a firm faith in the future. The enthusiasm of the boys and girls of today cannot be quelled by any comment upon the "good old days" when "you and I were young." Nothing can supplant youth with its keen-eyed vision, buoyancy and intrepid courage in facing the future. Born out of this happy experience comes the irrepressible salutation—hail to the boys and girls in schools of America!

The International Wedding March Welcoming the War Brides

*Voyage of the Good Ship "Shuttle"—the
Honeymoon Ship of the Doughboy*

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

IT plies back and forth across the Atlantic, weaving as it goes to and fro a bond of union between America and her Allies—a bond that is of more enduring texture than any wrought during the war, for the woof and warp are women. They are going across in great numbers to join sons, brothers and husbands in the Army of Occupation. They are coming across in greater numbers to take their places by the side of the American husband the war gave them.

American women over there; French, Belgian, Italian, Roumanian, Polish, Armenian women over here, scattering like wheat all over the South and West.

The good ship *Shuttle* is doing more than transporting women across the Atlantic. It is making history.

Over a thousand brides have passed thru French debarkation ports, which means that many helpless, timid young women have joined hands and hearts with America. To care for them, to cheer them under bewildering and somewhat terrifying conditions, the Young Women's Christian Association opened Hostess Houses in every debarkation camp in France. Two strands are woven in and out thru the doors of these houses! One, the war brides coming to America, and the other the wives and mothers of American men in foreign service going to take up life in strange countries. Over seven hundred brides had passed thru the port of New York by the fifteenth of June, without a single exception destined to make their homes in the West or South. That so few eastern men chose wives abroad is one of the inexplicable features of the war.

Some of the wives accompanied their husbands; many came alone. Some of the husbands had been given their releases across the water. Others must wait a few days or weeks after reaching camp in this country. Many of the brides carried babies in their arms; others had babies in their arms and children of an older growth clinging to their skirts, for in many instances the war bride had also been a war widow. All could speak a few words in English. Not many could make their simplest wants understood. They must be taken care of, and, when they came in such overwhelming numbers that their care became a problem, the Red Cross handed it over to the Young Women's Christian Association for solution.

The stay of these women was not long, as a rule. While they

removed all traces of a long and tiresome journey, ate their lunch, rested, or wrote the good news back home that they had reached port, the Red Cross was engaged in forwarding their baggage to the home out West or in the South, buying tickets and arranging matters of transportation. Often, the same day or the next, they bade a grateful farewell to their hostess and were taken to their trains for the second leg of a long journey.

Sometimes it happened the brides remained several days, until their husbands could get their release, and the relief to the man in uniform is almost beyond expression. "Why," said one enthusiastic young man, "the poor child can't say six words in English, and what would she do in a strange boarding house or a hotel while I am in camp is beyond me. I think she might cry her eyes out."

The staff at the Debarkation Hostess House includes a woman who speaks French fluently. One of the colored maids formerly lived in the West Indies, and brought a working knowledge of French back with her, and, when occasion rises, which is frequently, when the bride speaks neither French nor English, appeal is made to the International Institute just around the corner, and a translator is there in five minutes.

For the boys who frequent the House there are entertainments several evenings a week. There are free rides on the bus, there is a lounge in the basement where the men can find their entertainment alone, and so popular has the place become, not only as a national institution, but, in a broader sense as a neighborhood house, that the uniformed men of that neighborhood who are seeking to form a post of the American Legion hold their meetings there. The capabilities of four walls are being tested by Mrs. MacDonald with most surprising and pleasing results.

The situation is unusual and extremely interesting. The women who go and the women who come are making the journey under trying and abnormal conditions. In almost a hundred per cent of the cases, the matter of funds is a serious one. These Hostess Houses make the stop-over in New York City a less fearful one. They also make it no more trying on the purse than if the woman were in her own home.

The *Shuttle* still moves back and forth, back and forth. At one time it carried only men—men who went out to fight and to kill. Now it carries women. More and more women. And they come and they go, to make a home, to be friends.



AMERICANS BY MARRIAGE

These children are accompanying their French mothers and their newly acquired American soldier fathers to the United States. They are staying at the Y. W. C. A. "Brides Barracks" in Brest, France

A Personal Letter Evolves Into an Interview

The High Cost of Babies

A Letter from "Daddy" C. H. Brownell of the Ford Motor Company Bristles With Ideas



AN initial outlay of two hundred and sixty dollars is the minimum necessary for an American birth. This appalling fact I learned from a talk with a young married man who had become a father some two months previous," writes "Daddy" C. H. Brownell of the Ford Motor Company. "He told me that the doctor whom he employed and who made a specialty of accouchements, was an acquaintance, but that he wouldn't take charge of a case unless in a hospital, so that my married friend's wife had to go to one for two weeks. The charge in the hospital was twenty-five dollars a week, making a total cost of fifty dollars. A nurse at thirty dollars a week, totaled sixty dollars more, while the medico's fee was modest, merely one hundred and fifty dollars, making a grand total for this little operation of two hundred and sixty dollars.

"Can any thinking man, when these facts are presented, fail to see the great evil of the situation? How can we expect the normal birth rate to be maintained with such outrageous charges being common, for I have investigated my friends' statements sufficiently to assure myself that these things are true."

No person can call "Daddy" Brownell visionary, for he deals strictly with facts as he finds them, and he is thoroly alive to every issue pertaining to the welfare of this great land. His stand after verifying the facts as stated above, and after considering the alarming statistics offered by the large birth rate of the Japanese in our Pacific Coast state of California, where in one county alone, nearly four thousand Japanese children were born during the past year, as compared with one thousand American children in that county during the same interval, opens a broad avenue for careful contemplation. The question arises as to how long it will be at this rate of propagation before the foreign race would be in preponderance, and Americans slaves in their own land.

Mr. Brownell advocates a law written into the National statute books making the fee for a birth operation five dollars, and then, he declares, and then, only, would the American birth-rate jump to where American-rights would be safeguarded from the danger of future usurpation, for, he says, no people are more fond of children or make better parents than do the

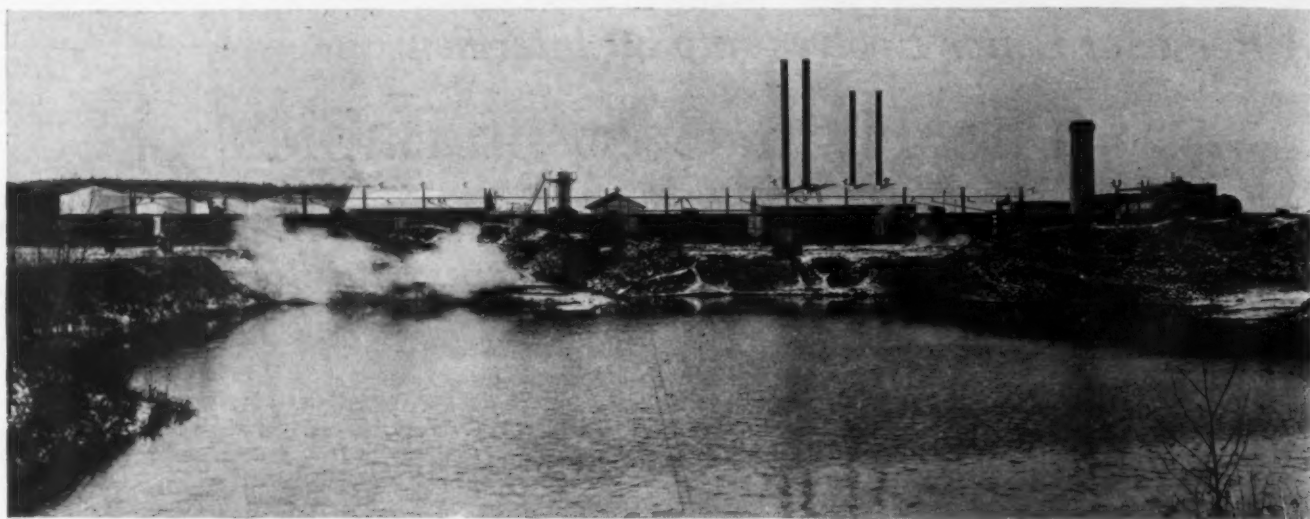
American people. Because of these outrageous charges, however, the immigrant population is smothering the Americans with big families, for in most cases no physicians are adjudged necessary among the Polish, Hungarian, Russian and Italian families, but simply an ordinary, ignorant mid-wife.

"What to me appears to be a deplorable condition, and one which should not be allowed to escape the purging fires of the reconstruction period thru which this country is now passing, is the muzzled condition of the American press," declares Mr. Brownell. "The commercial departments of our great news publications are today showing more zeal in securing advertising contracts, the value of which run often into six figures, and in some cases even into seven, than is being shown by the editorial staffs in presenting vital questions before the public. In truth this activity of the commercial end is literally tying the hands of the editorial writers from publishing facts which are rightfully public property, but which, if circulated, could be depended upon to cancel many rich contracts."

"Daddy Brownell" as this man of undeniable genius is known among his close associates, condemns the much-talked about high cost of living as a crime against our American intelligence, and declares that submission is only because the people have the money in a good many cases to stand the extortion, but that the poor people have not, and he foresees trouble unless a speedy adjustment is found. Good foresight prophesies that here, will the Scriptures be fulfilled, and that the greedy, grasping profiteers (the unjust stewards), will fly (Continued on page 429)



"DADDY" C. H. BROWNELL
Of the Ford Motor Company



FIVE-THOUSAND-BARREL-CAPACITY REFINING PLANT OF THE HERCULES PETROLEUM COMPANY OF DALLAS, TEXAS

This corporation, although one of the newest and youngest operating in the Texas fields, has one hundred and fifty tank cars transporting its products to all parts of the country. The plant is of steel and brick, and represents the last word in refinery construction

At the Rainbow's End

The Modern Aladdin's Lamp

Some Spectacular Examples of Sudden Wealth Gained in the Texas and Wyoming Oil Fields



ILLIONAIRES have been made by the hundreds since the discovery of oil in the new Texas fields, but among the list of real millionaires Johnny Van Cleave, of Wichita Falls, probably heads the list. He simply does not know what he is worth, the

money is coming in so fast. The job of keeping tabs on his royalties became such a task that he had to take a vacation, so he went to New York and invaded Broadway and the swell tailor shops and jewelry stores. At home he is a plain, approachable chap, the most inconspicuous millionaire in Wichita Falls.

Van Cleave owned 1,100 acres of land in the Burkburnett field, and is in a fair way to become the town's richest citizen. His only hobby is automobiles and his family. Recently he spent some time in Colorado driving the finest automobile one could imagine. He shuns publicity and photographers; in fact, he will spend money for anything except a picture. This seems to be true of all oil men.

* * * *

Abe Goodman, oil driller for fourteen years and operator in every Texas field during these years, is probably the first man in his line to climb into the money wagon and occupy a front seat. Twelve months ago he was a regular driller, but became a member of the McMahon Construction Company, oil drillers of Wichita Falls. The company owned some small acreage in the Burkburnett field, and their first well proved to be a gusher of 2,400 barrels a day. There being only three partners in the firm, Goodman's production was eight hundred barrels a

day, which, figured at the present high prices, runs into considerable money.

Since that time Goodman's company has brought in another big producer, and he is now on the highroad to wealth. In addition to his production his company is the largest oil driller in the Burkburnett field, having one contract for a half million dollars. Goodman is a native Texan, born and reared at the town of Luling.

It's an old saying, and a true one, that it requires money to make money—and the Texas oil fields are no exception except in rare and isolated cases, for there are hundreds of men, young and old, in Texas, who have graduated into the millionaire class who might have been listed among the unsuccessful six months or a year ago—for bear in mind that ten minutes in the oil industry is ancient history.

But the oil business is a peculiar business—some say a gamble, tho the big operators say not. It plays no favorites. Cattle kings, with thousands of acres, have almost climbed into the billionaire class, while others owning only enough ground for a derrick have become financially independent since the discovery of the Ranger and Burkburnett fields.

Among the favored few is Frank Corn of Palo Pinto, Texas, owner in fee of vast cattle herds and ranch lands in Eastland and Stephens counties, near Ranger. Frank Corn is still a young man and his entire wealth represents his individual efforts. What he has made himself; but ever since he started in the cattle business money has had a habit of gravitating toward him. Every-



B. D. TOWNSEND

Well-known Denver lawyer and former Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, serving as special prosecutor in land cases in the West. His wealth is estimated at three million dollars

thing he attempted turned into money. People liked him for his square dealing and rugged honesty. And now, just as he has barely turned forty, he is one of the most successful cattlemen in Texas—a state noted for its cattle kings—the owner of ranch lands extending across two or three counties, a large part of which promises to bring the owner another fortune in oil. But to meet Frank Corn one could

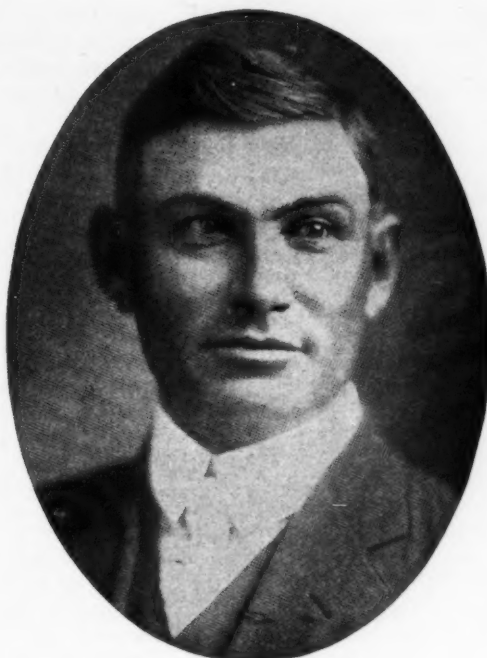
Wyoming, he is a large operator in the Texas fields, and finds business so profitable that he can afford to drill his own wells. In less than two years he is said to have made three million dollars. His production now exceeds three thousand barrels a day, and this is all his. He has no associates or partners.

All oil men, once they become wealthy, develop hobbies.



JOHNNY VAN CLEAVE

The picturesque Texas youth whose wealth is reputed to have jumped to twenty million



FRANK CORN

Palo Pinto, Texas, Cattleman



ABE GOODMAN

The first Texas driller to climb into the millionaire class

Three prominent figures who have acquired fame and fortune in the Texas oil fields

not tell whether he was worth a thousand dollars or a million. Success has not turned his head, for he believes there are other things in life except money.

THE WYOMING FIELDS AT CASPER

The Wyoming fields at Casper are older than the Texas fields and many say give promise of greater permanency.

B. D. Townsend, of Denver, known as "Bert" Townsend, proves that the oil business plays no favorites, not even lawyers, altho he is one of the few to become rich in oil. Starting in

Many of them go in for fancy automobiles and diamonds; but the first thing Bert Townsend did was to treat himself and family to a magnificent home, with sunken gardens and spacious lawns. By many it is regarded as the most artistic home in Denver.

One might suppose that Townsend was thru with his law practice at least for a time.

While there are others, these are probably the most typical cases of sudden wealth created by oil and representing all grades of men and professions, from cattle kings to oil drillers.

The philosophy of business is indicated in sentences that shine out like modern maxims

and epigrams in nearly four hundred pages. The author does not compromise his ideals of merchandising and its proper place in the history of mankind in historical narration. He sums it all up "good, hard, honest work will achieve almost any material thing in this world, and work may be delightful, noble, exhilarating and fascinating, full of excitement, satisfaction, joy and happiness. Work may be directed in a thousand channels, but of all golden chances, of all departments of endeavors, none presents such infinite and kaleidoscopic, always-changing opportunities as does that broadest, surest field

"The Romance of Commerce"

Continued from page 405

of effort, called COMMERCE—a field yielding its rich harvest in quick response to well-directed

energy—a field to be looked upon, if we will, as surrounded with beautiful flowers, fragrant always with wonderful Romance."

This book was foreshadowed in the very first advertisement which Mr. Selfridge had in the old "Thunderer," the London Times, when he launched his business in England. He made his advertising a concrete contribution to literature and art. These announcements laid before the world the highest order of artistic ability of Great Britain heretofore compressed within the walls of art galleries and dusty shelves of libraries—a part of the teeming activities of the times.

A Great Oculist Says:

Eye Strain Is the World's Great Curse

Perhaps Your Own Ill Health May Be Due to This Subtle Influence, Which Can Affect the Whole Human System



THE battlefields of blood-soaked Europe were not more awful to contemplate than are those pathetic battlefields which stretch across the vast areas of our industrial activities. On these industrial battlefields thousands of working men and women, with haggard faces and prematurely aged bodies are struggling—fighting to keep up their speed, their accuracy, their earning value, against the conquering foes of long hours, low wages, and the hideous strain of tense, near work with eyes that cannot endure such strain without the help of correct glasses.

Disease kills more slowly, but as tragically, as bullets. The hour grows insistent for re-creation. The world is a small place, after all, and humanity is one large family. Where millions of that family have been slaughtered, it is imperative to protect those who have been spared. We have a vital need for every hint toward human conservation. It is terrifying to contemplate that, civilized as we believe ourselves, every other one of us is handicapped by some form of sickness, some taint of defeat. We have not sufficiently studied that vast book of knowledge which is entitled *Prevention*.

Look at our fair and bountiful land, dotted with sanitariums, health resorts, hospitals, asylums, institutions, convalescent homes, prisons—prisons, for ill health and evil doing are boon companions.

This disquieting question concerns every one of us: Who is supporting this vast army of unfits? You doubtless are helping to do so. The sums which we are forced to spend out of our hard-earned salaries by way of taxes for maintaining public institutions for the industrially unfit is appalling. Why do we go on? Why not find the remedy and save our money? The poor we still have with us, because we have not fathomed why they are failures, what hinders their independence. Wars we hope to banish by preventing the causes of war, so if we truly wish to banish ill health, we must learn and prevent the causes of sickness.

As a result of thirty years of careful observation, of intensive study, we now know that the human eye is a subtle cause of much general ill health and its consequent tragedies. Altho the eye is made from brain matter, in fact literally is "the brain come out to see," it seems that our eyes are still the eyes of savages. When God first created man, some millions of years ago, the eye was needed mainly for distant work, such as hunting, trapping, farming. Now we suddenly command it to serve at near range. Overnight a thousand industries have sprung up. We force our eyes to work every second of our waking hours at close range. We allow them no opportunity gradually to change the habit of millions of years.

Every day's progress of civilization increases the tragedies of its near eye-workers, and increases the number of such workers; because the eyeball was created for primitive man's safety, which depended upon sharp and alert distant vision. It is too small and imperfectly curved to do near work without hurt to the eye and mind and the whole body.

Why to the whole body? Because from each eye goes out to the brain some four hundred and twenty-five thousand nerves. And when these nerves are hurt they transmit the fact to the whole body, causing an infinite number of nervous and systemic diseases. By neutralizing the defective shape and size of the organ by scientific glasses, the eye is provided with

the necessary aid to overcome its handicap, and enabled to perform its multiplicity of new tasks.

We have made the eye the most important workman of modern civilization, but we have been amazingly stingy about providing it with tools. The most expert workman is inexpert without tools, and the better the tools, the better his work.

The eye does as well as it can, but without help it either wrecks itself with cataract, or final blindness; or, in saving its own life, throws the strain on other parts of the body, causing first of all headache, sick headache (called migraine), nausea, vomiting, and other stomach, digestional and nervous disorders.

When these are allowed to continue, the body is prepared for more serious diseases.

Poe's *Imp of the Perverse* seems evident in much of life. We have a bland way of ignoring or denying what is best for us. And a more serious danger lurks in that if we do become heedful of this offered new freedom from ill health, we are likely

not to seek those who are surely capable exponents of the great new art of Refraction. We are likely not to insist upon consulting those who believe and who say, and who have proved that correct glasses will cure, and absolutely prevent, an almost unbelievable number of diseases and ills. And incorrect glasses are far worse than none. There are other dangers: correctly prescribed and fitted glasses become incorrect when allowed to become soiled, or scratched, or bent. As one great oculist told a patient: "There are so many 'ifs' in carrying out this prevention of eyestrain. For example, if a person desirous of being convinced goes to an optician or anyone who is not a regular physician-oculist, the glasses thus prescribed will probably be wrong, and the patient will then become convinced that there is no truth in this eyestrain gospel."

Why is blindness the supreme dread—and we so reckless in preventing the causes which produce it?

A widely-known and successful oculist has said: "There are at least fifteen million American citizens suffering from eyestrain, a large proportion of these from the systemic effects of eyestrain, which are wrecking happiness, ambition, life-work, and even life itself."

The tragic story of eyestrain and its relation to the lives of some of our greatest geniuses is dramatically told in *Biographic Clinics*. What agonies were endured by Richard Wagner, the Carlyles, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Darwin, Huxley, Parkman, Spencer, Nietzsche and others. What a loss to the world in the work they were unable to finish because of the ravages of ill health!

Children are confessedly the future hope of the nation. A great American teacher, President David Starr Jordan, says:

At present, the school condemns the child to the sedentary mode of life for nearly half his waking hours. It gives his eyes a kind of work for which they are not ideally fitted by nature to do. Book work aggravates myopia. School-desk postures breed spinal curvature. The curtailment of activity cripples the vital organs. The blood loses some of its corpuscles. Nervousness, headaches, and other kinds of ill health may result. It is not so much a question of over-pressure as mal-pressure. There are children whose physical condition deteriorates as the school year proceeds.

An illuminating experiment was made in two New York public schools by an oculist of this new School of Refraction. This oculist took thirty-eight children from among the worst

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is by a man of prominence in the profession, and a recognized authority. At his own request, based on ethical considerations, his name is withheld

cases of retarded development, refracted their eyes, and supplied them with spectacles himself—so ardent was he to prove the truth of eyestrain. According to the report made by the principals of the schools:

A most remarkable case is that of a boy who had a temper that was maniacal. It was absolutely impossible to do anything with him once he was aroused. He became tense, screamed, bit, kicked; and these attacks sometimes lasted an hour. These awful outbursts occurred every two or three days. He was a source of general annoyance to his classmates, and in his lessons did practically nothing. Now the boy is gentlemanly, popular with his schoolmates, respectful to his teachers, and shows no indication of temper. He is doing 5A work, and his teacher's comment in speaking of him was: "Excellent in every respect."

Another remarkable case demanding special mention is that of a little girl who, it seemed, would develop into a delinquent of the worst type. . . . The transformation is wonderful. Her character is growing to be such that it will be impossible for her to be anything but a respectable member of society.

This oculist estimates that there are about seventy-eight thousand children with defective vision in the public schools of New York alone, and that there is no valid excuse for the failure to prevent this wretched evil in eighty per cent of all such patients. And these children, now defective, wickedly handicapped, are the future hope of the nation!

As we have said, the eyestrain menace to industrial workers is alarming. On page after page of Ida Tarbell's *New Ideals in Business* is proven the efforts made and fortunes spent by enterprising and conscientious employers to salvage the health of the employed. And on page after page stares the grim fact that, whereas, occupational diseases such as lead and sulphur poisoning, tuberculosis and typhoid, etc., have been checked, the more subtle, but equally as deadly, disease of eyestrain, with its resulting family of sick headache, nausea, malnutrition, etc., is utterly baffling the most conscientious employers; and, by their own testimony, is mainly responsible for the huge sick list in America's industry. The employer does not seek the cause of the headaches and fainting spells—his concern is the immediate relief. To quote from Miss Tarbell:

The usefulness of the nurse and the first-aid room are measured not by the prevention of headache, nausea, and fainting spells, but by the promptness with which an indisposed girl is restored to her task. The means employed is more often than not a stimulant or opiate—something that acts quickly. This is a grave abuse of the system. It not only defeats the object of scientific management, which is to bring about a condition of sustained well-being among the workers, but it encourages one of the most pernicious habits of women—dependence on drugs. Thousands of them take these so-called medicines as regularly as men take drinks.

Employers are now alert to better conditions for their employees. Even the selfish employer now knows that nothing is so valuable economically as the man—and a healthy man. Strong, well servants are money in his pocket. A girl at her job is worth a dozen home sick. Good health has become the test of efficiency of any industrial plant. As the president of one company said: "To ——— with rescue work! Prevent accidents!" The awakening employer will say: "To ——— with cures. Prevent sickness!"

For the day is breaking when the great industrial head who does not prevent illness will fail because of the lack of the most vital efficiency in the growing competition. Powerful nations are learning that they cannot remain healthy while small nations fester with neglect and abuse. Likewise powerful individuals are learning they no longer can succeed while ignoring the ill-health or unhappiness of those seemingly less important.

In convincing himself of the truth of this baffling occupational disease of eyestrain, the industrial head, or employer, might also be amused by reading the true experiences told with valiant humor, by a young newspaper man, who endured tortures while heroically seeking relief thru seventy cures, until his incredible persistency brought him to the scientific man of his dreams, and to the real cure for his nervous dyspepsia. "In spite of it all," he says, "I am cured—cured of my illness and cured of my cures. . . . To what do I owe it all? To a couple of insignificant bits of glass (to me very significant), placed in proper relation to my eyes."*

According to trustworthy governmental and medical reports, the average working life of a telephone central operator is three years only. "Then she is ready for the scrap heap." What a waste of valuable life! And it took so many generations to make her. What a waste of centuries of energy and struggle out of the brute to—this! And, quite incidentally, what a waste of her employer's money! And mainly because of faulty eyes and eye-straining work. If you doubt, consider the Report of the Royal Commission of Canada, in which the medical testimony is to the effect that the following conditions are alarmingly prevalent in telephone work:

Nervous hysteria.
Constitution and nervous system injured.
Wearing down of the nervous system.
Optic and auditory nerves strained.
Debilitating to nervous system.
Girls burn up more energy than they produce.
Most exhausting of all occupations.
Injurious to eyesight.
Produces headache looking at the holes.
Prevents rest.
Cannot sleep when they go home.
Couldn't eat well.
Reaching is hard and injurious.
Eye-troubles, headaches, and nervous troubles.
Affects the eyes, and thru the eyes the general system.
The most trying of occupations.
Throat, chest, and nervous troubles, and headaches.
Nervous prostration and nervous breakdown.
After three years unable to perform the ordinary occupations of womanhood satisfactorily.
Fainting.
Strain on nervous system thru eye and ear.

Nerve fagged.
Nervous exhaustion.
Strain upon the optic nerve and the muscles of the eye.
Difficulty in fitting the plug in; they seemed to scrutinize it closely.
The nerves governing the extra-ocular muscles, which focus the eye upon the object looked upon are the nerves where the greatest part of the strain comes.
Reaching added to the physical fatigue.
When they leave, they turn out badly in their future domestic relations.
It is this sort of thing that is laying the foundations of the asylums, and it is dealing with the question now that will prevent the building of asylums, and the loss of people to the community.
Not so much physical as mental and nervous, and exhaustion of nervous energy, a depletion of nervous force.
The reason for such a marked increase in insanity and nervous prostration all over the country.
After five years she would be disqualified to become a wife and mother.
On future generations the effect will be epilepsy and all sorts of nervous diseases.

Similar symptoms are found among all workers forced to perform work at a foot or so from the eyes. These symptoms increase as the terrible eye-strain year of forty-five approaches. In a report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health we find that:

It is a well-established fact that either the over-use of the eyes or the use of eyes under bad conditions may give rise to eye-fatigue or to eye-strain; and many specialists believe that at least eighty to ninety per cent of headaches are dependent upon eyestrain. . . . It is impossible to ignore the probability that many individuals working by gaslight, or even by electric light, in dirty, unpainted, overheated rooms, with impure air and excessive moisture, for ten hours a day, or merely for the last two hours during the day, use up a great deal of nervous energy, and suffer from eye fatigue or eyestrain, and its consequences.

In an investigation made in Rochester, it is estimated that the working men of that city "lose something over one and a quarter million dollars in money a year thru illness."

In an Ohio report, of 23,118 applicants examined for employment, 1,040 were rejected. At the head of the list of reasons for these rejections, stands impaired vision.

We are aware that we Americans waste in almost every way imaginable. We are so young, so strong, so sure that we can easily earn back whatever we spend. It is more interesting to be prodigal than thrifty. But we must become thrifty in human lives. Disease and death now take what they want, and they never repay. You can't buy back a wasted life, you can't buy back an early death.

But you can banish absolutely one of the most far-reaching causes of the increasing toll of premature death—or, what is worse, incapacity for useful or happy life.

And how easily, and at how small a cost—the cost of a scientifically prescribed and fitted pair of glasses, preferably spectacles.

*Cured! The Seventy Adventures of a Dyspeptic. By Brian Boru Dunne. Foreword by H. G. Wells. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.



Panoramic view of the Homestake Mines at Lead, South Dakota

The Golden Gulch of the Black Hills

The Story of the Homestake Mine at Lead, South Dakota—A Model Industrial Corporation

By EVERETT LLOYD

INTO that picturesque section of South Dakota, which has been described as the "richest hundred miles square on earth," there came on April 9, 1876, to what is now the town of Lead, one Moses Manuel, miner, soldier of fortune and gold hunter, and discovered the Homestake Mine.

Manuel himself has told the story of the discovery of the Homestake in a two-page statement which he dictated to Mr. P. A. Gushurst, a successful business man of Lead; and it was his discovery that gave the town its name—pronounced "Leed." Manuel had been to Alaska and on the Pacific Coast, finally drifting to Cheyenne, then to the Black Hills, where he and a partner by the name of Hank Harney found richer diggings and started the Homestake. Describing the finding of the ore, Manuel made this statement in the Gushurst manuscript referred to: "We broke up camp again and Fred (his brother) and I left and struck out for what is called Box Elder, camped there, prospected that creek and got fine colors. Had been there a few days when some men came along and reported rich diggings a little farther north. We got in with two other men, one by the name of Hank Harney. Excitement was running high and everybody was reporting rich diggings and new strikes.

"We wanted to locate a number of quartz claims and got placer claims and the Cold Run for which we traded the De Smet lode claim. Toward spring four of us found some rich quartz. We looked for the lode, but the snow was deep and we could not find it. When the snow began to melt, I wanted to hunt it, but my three pardners wouldn't look for it, as they didn't think it was worth anything. I kept looking every day for nearly a week, and finally the snow melted on the hill and the water ran down which crossed the lead, and I saw some quartz in the bottom and the water running over it. I took a pick and tried to get some out and found it very solid, but I got some out and took it to camp and pounded it up and panned it and found it very rich. Next day Hank Harney consented to come and locate what we called the Homestake mine, the 9th of April, 1876."

Briefly, that is Manuel's own account, tho his letter is too long to reproduce in full. He next relates that he later sold the mine to Senator George Hearst of California for \$70,000—and in this way the mine, that has since become the largest gold

mine in the world, with the exception of the Rand mines in South Africa, passed into the control of Senator Hearst, but at his death his stock—which was not at that time and is not now the majority—passed to his widow, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who gave it her personal attention until her recent death, and to whom the mine and the city of Lead are indebted for many philanthropies and benefactions. But the Homestake mine is not controlled by the Hearst estate as many think, tho it is the largest individual stockholder.

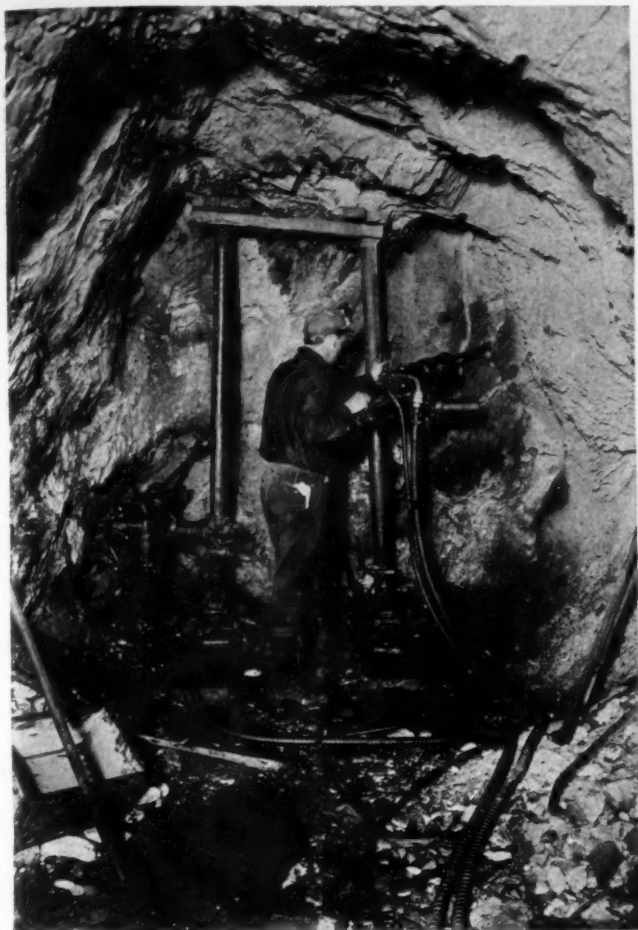
The Homestake Mining Company, a \$26,000,000 corporation, has been in continuous operation since its beginning. It employs during normal times about twenty-two hundred men, seventy-five per cent of whom are Americans, the others being made up of Austrians, Italians, Finlanders and Scandinavians, this being the order of predomination of the different nationalities employed in the mines.

The company has a prosperous and loyal crew of miners and employees, and as a result of the company placing the cards on the table, so to speak, neither the men nor the company are in any way responsible for abnormal economic conditions.

The general attitude seems to be that everybody is trying to make the best of the situation until conditions improve, knowing that the company is meeting every just demand within its power. The company's employment department, under the



Scene in the assay office. The five bricks shown here weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds each and are worth approximately twenty-five thousand dollars each. The guard, Harry Trier, on the job for many years, was a stage driver in the early days, and a friend of the late Senator Hearst



A drilling machine operated by compressed air in operation in a mine tunnel

management of E. F. Irwin, has been a factor in encouraging better conditions; and it is a fact that the employees of the Homestake Mining Company can buy their supplies cheaper than at any other camp.

The Hearst store at Lead is not a company store in the accepted sense, but a private enterprise of the Hearst estate, in which the Homestake Mining Company has no interest. Trading at the Hearst store is optional on the part of the Homestake employees. The saturnalia of profiteering born of war conditions has not in the least affected the policies and business methods of this store. On the contrary, it has continued to do business at so small a profit that the cost of living today is less in the city of Lead than anywhere else.

But it is not with the Homestake Mining Company as a great and successful business institution we are chiefly concerned, in fact this article has largely to do with its efforts along welfare lines for its employees, and in this respect we believe it to be the model industrial corporation of the world, providing as it does better living conditions and outside advantages and environment, more opportunities for improvement and advancement.

The superior conditions which characterize the operations of the Homestake Mining Company and its relations with its employees were largely the work of Mr. T. J. Grier, for many years the general superintendent, who, in conjunction with Mr. Edward H. Clark, president of the company, and supported by a broad-minded board of directors, instituted many of these wholesome policies, all of which continued in force under the superintendency of Mr. Richard Blackstone and Mr. B. C. Yates, the present superintendent.

One of the chief concerns of the local management of the company has been for the safety of the company's employees. Years before the now popular "Safety First" propaganda had taken hold of the country, the Homestake Mining Company had been using every effort to lessen the danger of its employees while performing their work. That these efforts bore fruit is shown by the fact that during twenty-two years no personal injury case has been decided adversely against the company, and only a very few have been brought against it. This remarkable record is due in part to the fact that no expense has been spared in the purchase of the most approved types of machinery and safety equipment. This policy applies to every department and seeks to cover every phase of improvement, whether in the mines, the stamp mills, the sawmills, the cyanide plants, or elsewhere. The company has not contented itself, however, with merely providing approved machinery and safety appliances of all descriptions, but has insisted that the Company employees have a due regard for their own safety. No man is permitted to work in a place considered dangerous by a boss or foreman.

The working conditions in the mines and mills are under the immediate supervision of the Safety First Engineer, a most capable man of technical education and also practical experience in mining operations. The duty of his department is to see that working conditions thruout the entire plant, machinery, tools, method of mining, and sanitary conditions, are as safe as they possibly can be made, in view of the character of the work to be performed. "Safety First" as a principle of business operation is given such serious consideration and practical application by this company that work in its mines has been robbed of the usual dangers of mining until it is about as safe as any line of manual activity.

These results could not have been attained, of course, without the selection of the right kind of men as managers and foremen of the different departments; and too much praise cannot be accorded the superintendent and heads of the different departments, than whom no finer or more conscientious group of men can be found.

One notable fact stands to the credit of the Homestake Mining Company, and that is that during a period of over forty years continuous operation it has experienced only one labor trouble, and that one of short duration, being quickly decided in favor of the company. This trouble did not arise over any complaint concerning wages, hours, or working conditions, but was solely due to an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the late lamented and malodorous Western Federation of Miners to convert Lead into a closed shop, which effort signally failed.

It is not the custom of the company to allow visitors to go underground, and only in rare instances is this custom violated. In company with Mine Foreman Ross, it was my pleasure to visit the underground workings and have all my illusions about the horrors of mining dispelled. The men were going



The Homestake recreation building, open daily, cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and contains free library, swimming pool, theatre and rest rooms, and is operated without charge to Homestake employees or the people of Lead

about their work in a methodical way, and to all intents and purposes seemed contented and happy. They wore no look of worry on their faces, because they were doing a necessary work of the world, and for which they had a liking. The old idea of a miner has ceased to exist. He is the same as any other worker, and all things considered, his wages are higher. The workers at the Homestake have on deposit at the First National Bank of Lead more than a million and a half dollars, two-thirds of the bank's entire deposits. More than sixty per cent of them own their homes, and practically all of them have saving accounts at the local banks.

It is true that the coal and copper camps pay slightly higher wages, but at such camps work is by no means so continuous, being frequently interrupted by

service; and less than ten per cent of the employees ever find it necessary to go away for treatment. The institution treats fifty-five thousand patients a year and the staff of doctors attached to the institution made eighteen thousand visits to homes last year and took care of all the necessary surgical cases. The hospital has a staff of seven doctors paid by the company to devote their exclusive service to the institution. It is equipped with a modern X-ray machine, and maintains a corps of graduate nurses. It is stated that the sum paid by the Homestake Mining Company to protect the health of its employees is the greatest sum expended by any industrial corporation for similar needs.

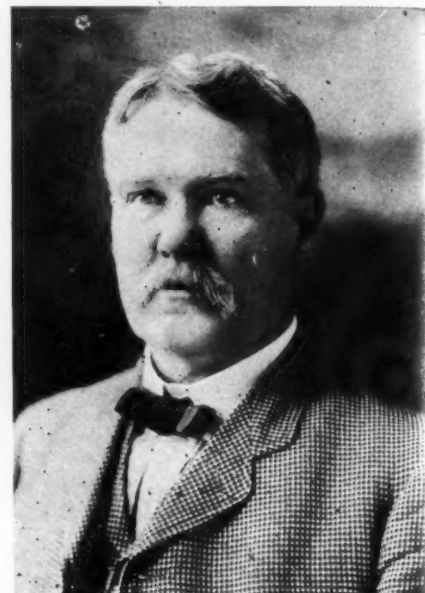
The Recreation Building is a modern three-story brick and stone structure,



RICHARD BLACKSTONE, 1914-1917



B. C. YATES
General superintendent, 1918 to present



T. J. GRIER, 1884-1914

the Lead camp. Moreover, the working conditions in such coal and copper mines, and living and social conditions in the camps are not to be compared with those prevailing in Lead, where, in addition to the advantages resulting from the most excellent school system in the state, numerous churches, comparatively low living expenses, an excellent sewer system, and a splendid water supply system, the employees of the company have, without charge, the advantages of the recreation building, medical treatment and hospital services, and an old-age pension system.

The welfare work alone of the Homestake Mining Company represents an annual expense of \$100,000. This includes the Recreation Building, the hospital, old age pensions and insurance, Homestake theater, annual donations to every church in Lead, contributions to charity organizations, and any other cause arising. This is an overhead charge on the part of the company and is done simply to provide the proper mental, spiritual, and recreational exercises for the employees; so that the company's interest in the welfare of the employee does not cease with the blowing of the whistle. When he leaves his work, he becomes in a way the "guest" of the company and is urged to utilize these advantages in any way he pleases, whether it be in learning English at the free night schools, or visiting the recreation building or library.

The old-age pension fund of the company provides for retirement on account of old age or physical disability, the benefits being twenty-five per cent of the last full year's pay, plus ten per cent per year for each year in service, the limit being \$600 a year.

The Homestake Hospital, in charge of Dr. F. E. Clough, is a unique institution and meets every requirement of modern medical needs. In 1906 the hospital instituted free medical treatment and service. No employee of the Homestake Mining Company ever has to spend a cent for medical or hospital

over-production, as at the coal mines, or by labor troubles, unknown in

costing \$250,000, containing rest rooms, billiard rooms and bowling

alleys, plunge and shower baths, library and theater building. No charge is made for any part of the building except a nominal charge for the theater. The plunge is twenty-five by seventy-five feet in size, with a depth ranging from four to nine feet. The water is filtered, disinfected, and changed frequently and no case of contagion has ever been reported, neither has an accident of any kind ever occurred.

The Hearst Free Library was established by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in 1895, and now has 12,500 selected books written in English, German, Scandinavian, French, Italian, Slavonian, Spanish, Lithuanian, and Finnish. The library is in charge of Miss Martha Livingston, and is patronized by five thousand people a month. Near the library is the Hearst Free Kindergarten, endowed by Mrs. Hearst, and open to all. With the exception of the Hearst Kindergarten in Washington, D. C., it is the largest free kindergarten in the United States.

The Homestake Veterans' Association, which is unique, was organized in 1905, largely thru the efforts of Mr. Richard Blackstone, its first president, who was at that time assistant superintendent of the Homestake Mining Company. To be eligible to the association one must have been in the service of the company for twenty-one consecutive years. The meetings are held four times a year when the members discuss matters of mutual benefit to themselves and the company, suggestions of improvements in safety appliances or methods, correction of abuses, and assistance of members in distress. The association now has a membership of one hundred sixty-seven, owns sixteen hundred dollars of Liberty Bonds, and has two thousand dollars in the bank. It represents a fine spirit of mutual aid and provides a nominal death benefit. For a number of years W. E. Royce of the employment department has been its secretary and most enthusiastic member.

During the past four years the prices of machinery, materials, and supplies used by the company in (Continued on page 430)

The Editor's Corner

*Wherein Joe Chapple Talks
Mostly About Himself*



SOME English friends lunched with us in The Attic. They were introduced for the first time to cantaloupe with ice cream inside and a cherry on top. "This suggests your national cocktail with its tribute to Washington and his cherry tree." There was not a meal thereafter that my friends did not have cantaloupe and ice cream. They had it for breakfast. They went first to visit Niagara Falls. What Englishman would miss that? Little was said of Bunker Hill. Best of all, they saw Chicago—the great seething production heart of America. Here they met some real Chicago men and women—and Chicago boys and girls. They liked the Blackstone Hotel and the breezes of Lake Michigan. We met again at the Roycroft Convention at East Aurora. It was for them a shrine. They had read Elbert Hubbard "stuff" and wanted to see if East Aurora was really a place or a state of mind. They bought enough books to found a library. We met again in New York. Then, the Winter Garden, to glimpse New York life, as it is known thru the transient visitors. But they wanted to see factories; for Mr. Havinden is head of the Watford Manufacturing Company, doing a business about thirty millions a year, and he wanted to study American methods and learn something, but I kept him sightseeing.

Every time I peeped inside the office during my entertaining tour there were the admonitions of the Three Graces. There was Prudence wrestling with the financial matters; Priscilla, with her correspondence with diplomats, statesmen, and organizers of social functions; Patience with the "trouble corner." Now these are not the names of the young ladies—but the spirit they personify. When my friends receive a letter, they insist, if the letter is well written, that it was the handiwork of one of the Three Graces, when I was thousands of miles away.

When I appear in some country towns they cannot make up their minds whether I am a congressman, senator, lawyer, or a medicine man. You see, I have the honor of being "properly introduced." Sometimes they cheer for me. One enthusiastic rooter at Middleboro, Massachusetts, hurrahed for me as "Joe Chaplin." Then I felt kinsfolk to Charlie Chaplin.

I have speaking engagements reaching from Maine to Mooseheart on the plains of Illinois. Facing delegates from all over the country in convention assembled is one of my joys; for people from various states represent often a varied state of mind that is refreshing. It just seems as if I am right at home anywhere. Somebody knows me, or knows a friend who knows me, or someone else who knew me. Either thru an address at some convention, or the "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs" books, or the NATIONAL. They will not admit they do not know Joe Chapple. In all the merry activities they seem to find a point of contact somewhere. Consequently, I never look upon what I do as merely work, then I have no excuse for feeling tired. The only thing I regret is that Congress does not pass a daylight saving bill lengthening the days to forty-eight hours, and stop all the clocks as the years pass so swiftly by, so I can catch up with my work and accomplish what I have been sent out to do. Otherwise I figure that I will have to live one hundred and ninety-eight years to get a good start. And, then where am I to find all my friends to talk it over with and reminiscence in friendly chats?

LETTERS received from boys and girls who have chanced to hear one of my one-thousand-or-more speeches, asking for suggestions, are rather embarrassing. To tell how to do it appeals to my vanity, but overtaxes my ability to tell how to "do it." In the first place, I am not always sure that I do it.

When an audience have their eyes focused on me so that every detail down to a speck on my nose, or even a stray hair is visible, I realize they are looking with the camerized intensity of viewing a whole stage full of people in action. That explains why a speaker has a different power than an actor. He talks directly to the people, while an actor talks thru other people, and consequently they are watching him like a moving picture film. The speaker is at least flesh and blood, and the lights and shadows do not mellow the picture. It is one steady glare of the spotlight. And yet the moment you try to do anything consciously, even so much as stiffen your knee or straighten your shoulder, or put your hand in your coat, following the old-fashioned mannerisms of oratory and gesture, you are gone. I do not know what a gesture is, except to learn early that it should be made in curves, and very seldom am I conscious of making a gesture until it comes to some strident emphasis, and then it comes with the clenched fist and something that just impulsively shows the intensity of the thought. This, I confess, I observed in Viviani, the French orator, and it was gratifying to find out I was not violating the rules.

Then the question of voice. What a torture it is to an audience with a speaker who shouts out emphatically with slapping hands and then lowers the voice so they cannot hear what follows. That is the time the audience wants to throw brickbats. How often I found in beginning fortissimo I cracked on high "G" before I had fairly started. In speaking, it seems to me that it does not matter so much what you say as how you say it; but it does matter how earnest and honest is your conviction. And even these things that absorb a speaker with intensity during his talk, he may wish to forget in relaxation. You wonder why he says and does so many silly things afterwards, not realizing that the reaction sets in and he has given all of his vitality and relaxes into moods of the earth, earthly, and remains human and common to his kind.

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For Want of Iron, You May Be Old at Thirty—Nervous, Irritable and All Run-Down—While at Fifty or Sixty, With Plenty of Iron in Your Blood, You May Be Young in Feeling and Brimming Over With Vim and Energy

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That Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restores Wasted Tissue and Aids in Giving Renewed Force and Power to the Body. Physicians Explain Why Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Run-down People in Two Weeks' Time.

Old age has already sunk its talons into thousands of men and women who ought still to be enjoying the springtime and summer of life simply because they have allowed worry, overwork, nervous strain, dissipation and occupational poisons to sap the iron from their blood and thereby destroy its power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. You will find plenty of people at 40 who are broken in health and steadily going downward to physical and mental decay, while others at 50 are strong, active, alert, and seemingly growing younger every year. One class withers and dies like leaves in autumn, while the other, by keeping up a strong power of resistance against disease may pass the three score and ten mark with surprising health, strength and vigor. But you cannot expect to look and feel young and vigorous unless you have plenty of iron in your blood, and physicians explain below why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency in the weak, nervous, and run-down so as to build them up into stronger, healthier men and women.

"Many a man and woman who ought still to be young in feeling is losing the old time vim and energy that makes life worth living simply because their blood is starving for want of iron," says Dr James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable and easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. Thousands are ageing and breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying perfect health because

anaemia—lack of iron in the blood—has fastened its grip on them and is sapping their strength, vitality and energy. For want of iron you may be old at thirty, dull of intellect, poor of memory, nervous and all "run-down," while at 50 or 60, with good health and plenty of iron in your blood, you may be young in feeling, full of life, and your whole being brimming over with vim and energy. As a proof of this take the case of Former United States Senator Charles A. Towne, who at past 58 is still a veritable mountain of tireless energy. Senator Towne says: "I have found Nuxated Iron of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth, I shall not be without it."

Then there is former Health Commissioner William R. Kerr of Chicago, who is past the three score year mark, but is still vigorous, active, full of life, vim and energy. Former Health Commissioner Kerr says he believes his own personal activity today is largely due to his use of Nuxated Iron and that he believes it ought to be pre-



YOU ARE AGEING
If the enthusiasm for tackling your daily problems has waned.



YOU ARE AGEING
If your skin is shrinking and your face looks wrinkled, careworn and old.



YOU ARE AGEING
If you have lost the spring of your step and your movements are cumbrous.



YOU ARE AGEING
If you are wearied by the activities of your daily work.

scribed by every physician and used in every hospital in the country. "But in

my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy, rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist upon dosing themselves with metallic iron, simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physicians prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE. Nuxated Iron, which has been used by Dr. Sullivan and other physicians with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Governor Calvin Coolidge, All-American

Continued from page 394

came changes in stage usages followed from the days of Booth. The actors for the nonce became a commercial union. Temperament and temper of the actor could not tolerate the command of power—"come here or go there"—as the servant or supe unless playing the part of servant on a stage. It was a symphonic upheaval that had to come sooner or later.

What influence this strike will have on the future of the stage is to be determined. It certainly has not checked attendance. The public may never again be so profoundly influenced by the stage as a mystic art. The worship of the footlight favorites as sacrificial genius may pass, for now they are to be placed on the union scale basis at so much per hour, with a scale for overtime if the lines lag. The cast is to lose all cast of distinction between the good and the bad. Actors are actors, if they have a card.

Devotion to art for art's sake is a dream of the past. It is now devotion to the trade for the dollar's sake, the same as all vocations. The genius of the age has again asserted itself, and the dollar remains the divinity on the stage as well as in other activities. Meantime prices of seats rise more rapidly than salaries, and, as usual, the public pays the freight.

How long is this long-suffering public going to remain the patient pack-horse is not prophesied. How long are they going to be milked by this contest on every hand for getting more and more, and holding up the public—official or otherwise—in order to get it. A strike is a glorified process of a highwayman's tactics, and lockouts is the other method. Making the other side "throw up their hands" if they have the gun or power to get them in a corner is no longer mere acting—it is real.

The public are just becoming a little tired of the strike as strikes and some day there will be a strike against strikes that will make strikes, privately organized and publicly exploited, as unprofitable as dueling or brigandage. Public opinion is rising high these days. If we have courts, government and law, we can surely be able to settle labor and wage disputes, a form of litigation that seeks justice.

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tain yet lovable, and still above all retaining that endearing element in each case. The abandon with which she threw herself into her part, and the unaffected simplicity of her acting won for her the love of every audience. Her success was assured after the presentation of "Tess of the Storm Country," and then later of "Cinderella."

Her marriage to Owen Moore, a promising actor, in no way was allowed to interfere with her work upon the silver screen, and about this time an ambition to become a motion picture magnate herself assumed definite proportions, and Mrs. Moore organized and became the head of the Mary Pickford Film Company in which she has starred in several well known productions, notably in "The Pride of the Clan," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and in "Daddy Long Legs." The latter is her latest effort and has met with well deserved success.

Situated in Hollywood, California, among the scenes where her early successes were won, Mary Pickford pursues the even tenor of her way, with her magic smile, and constantly

The Witching Mary of Film-land

Continued from page 400

IT was at a grand ball in Los Angeles that I first met Mary Pickford in the flesh. She was the queen of the hour—dainty and girlish in distributing favors—but she found time to chat with the "wall flowers." The witching music and beauty of the scene was anything else but an occasion for discussion of matters philosophical, but it was here that Mary Pickford discoursed on the philosophy of life. She told of how when a little girl she used to go under a table and think things out and wonder why poor children did not have gifts as well as rich children, and how she still loved children. And then she wondered why God ever permitted the devil to exist. It was then and there she gave me a lovingly autographed picture for a little cripple lass who worshipped Mary on the screen. It is the old story of Ruth and Naomi. When women love women, there is a reason. Her appearance in Eleanor Porter's "Pollyanna" will still further endear her to the hearts of those who glory in gladness. The picture for this article was taken in the "Pollyanna" costume. She writes that this is one character she has long tried to portray, hoping it will radiate the happiness envisioned in the book.—

EDITOR

list of friends. Probably no other girl of her age has been so much in the public eye, or is so universally known and loved by young and old alike. This fair-haired miss is extremely democratic, caring little for the pomp and show which could be hers, and she spends a considerable part of her time in delicately declining the many offers of relationship which are constantly being thrust upon her. Many of the most enthusiastic admirers are among the elderly class of ladies who would be more than pleased to act as grandmother or foster mother to the "sunshine lass" of the movies. Not long ago Mrs. Gustavus Johnson of California, whose untiring efforts brought about the preservation of the giant redwood trees of her state, and caused the State Legislature to set apart what is now known as California Redwood Park, formally announced herself as Mary's grandmother, and she never tires of recounting the merits of her adopted grandchild. Mary Pickford's present is undeniably bright, and with her bewitching smile to light the way the future is not difficult to prophesy.



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The High Cost of Babies

Continued from page 417

to the hills and the valleys and cry for the rocks to fall upon them and hide them.

This reconstruction period which is now upon us, to this man of insight, will consume several years to evolve once more normal conditions out of the chaotic state in which this country is left by the world struggle. After the war of the rebellion a period of ten years elapsed before the reconstruction was complete, but owing to the progress of the mental development of the advancing civilization of the past fifty years "Daddy" Brownell believes that we should come thru this period in a much shorter time on this occasion—in fact, he places the interval at about three years. He firmly believes that only in memories and retrospection will we ever enjoy the old regime again.

"I know," he says, "that with the broader enlightenment and greater spiritual vision have come upon the people of the world larger responsibilities. The age is more sympathetic and more humane than any that has preceded it, and a re-adjustment between the humane side of Man and the greedy, selfish side of Man has to be climaxed. I know of no avenue thru which such reconstruction can be more quickly reached than thru a thoughtful, patriotic and humane press. We must forget partisanship, we must have new parties, we must enlarge our religions, and we must reach out and make a fair distribution of the earning power of the nation among all the people who comprise the nation.

In his letter he writes to the editor:

"We exported to Sweden in 1913 seventeen million dollars' worth of goods; in 1917 we exported to the same country three hundred and seventy million dollars' worth. We did an equal volume of business in 1916 and nearly as much in 1915. These facts need no interpretation. Holland was equally vicious, so was Norway, Denmark, Spain and Switzerland. In my estimation the latter country should be tabooed altogether by every self-respecting nation, and yet the publishers today allow these facts which have such bearing upon the future history of our country, with the future prosperity of our own people at issue to pass by with no comment. Anything for today—to hell with tomorrow.

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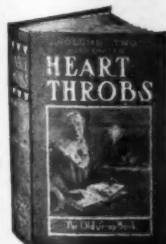
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The Golden Gulch of the Black Hills

Continued from page 424

its operations have increased from fifty per cent to four hundred per cent—the price of the manufactured product, gold, remains the same, thus presenting a problem to gold mining operators not confronted by any other industry throughout the world. The gravity of this problem is shown by the fact that during the last few years more than one-half of the gold mining companies have had to suspend operations, included amongst which are Camp Bird, El Oro, The Robinson, Goldfield Consolidated, and the principal Kalgurli mines, for years ranking as the most substantial gold producers. In the face of these difficulties the Homestake Mining Company has operated continuously, and upon several occasions has made voluntary increases in wages, so that the lowest paid underground worker now receives \$3.85 a day for an eight-hour shift.

During the year 1917, which may be accounted a normal year, the production of the Homestake was 1,670,476 tons of ore, which returned a bullion value of \$6,619,573.94, this amount representing the gross receipts of this company for that year. Out of this gross income the sum of \$2,840,251 was paid out for labor. The company is paying dividends at the rate of only six per cent per annum, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of only about \$1,500,000. When it is remembered that even the most conservative industrial concerns and public service corporations are expected to pay much larger returns to their stockholders, it is obvious that, aside from the life expectancy of the company, which is necessarily limited, its stockholders are receiving a very modest rate upon their investment. The attractiveness of the stock to investors is, no doubt, due to the recognized conservatism of the company's management and its absolute freedom from all suggestions of stock manipulation, coupled with the additional fact that its dividends have been paid monthly for a period covering practically its entire life of forty years.

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